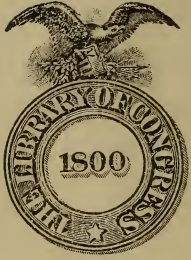

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MODEL MEN

AND

MODEL WOMEN

AND

CHILDREN.

BY

HORACE MAYHEW.

Sculptured by H. G. Hine.

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER'S

SERIES OF

TWO SHILLING NOVELS.

SUNNY SOUTH. *Armstrong.*
LIFE OF A BEAUTY. *Author of "Flirt."*
MY PRETTY COUSIN. *Author of "Flirt."*
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LONDON: WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Rec'd. Mar. 21 1893.
Patent, Trade, & Design Dept.

OUR MUSEUM OF MODEL MEN.

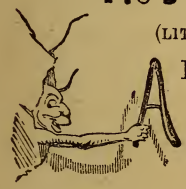
		PAGE
The Model	Preface	v
„	Husband	1
„	Bachelor	4
„	Son	8
„	Policeman	10
„	Waiter	16
„	Magistrate	21
„	Labourer	24
„	Agitator	27
„	Tailor	31
„	M.P.	36
„	Debtor	39

PAGE

The Model Friend 44
„ Fast Man 46
„ Clerks 52
„ Gentleman 60
„ Irish Speaker 64
„ Banker 68
„ Sponge 70
„ Lodger 73
„ Beadle 75
„ Omnibus Conductor 83
Small Group of Models 86

THE MODEL PREFACE

(LITERALLY NOTHING IN IT.)



ALL will agree with me that the less an author says about himself the better, especially when he has nothing to say.

The quicker he says it, too, the better.

The only difficulty is where to begin. How would you possibly begin upon nothing?

Nothing easier—write a book.

But if it has no beginning, it can have no end.

Precisely so—its end will be Nothing.

Thank you, Reader, for Nothing.

But it will never do for you to take me up, or my book either, in this disposition. It

is too like a policeman. Can't you be good-tempered?

A book, to meet with its proper desert, should be gone through like a bag of filberts. You should sit down to its contents in full anticipation of finding something good in them. You throw away the bad ones, of course, and crack only the good ones; these you enjoy with all the greater relish after the bad specimens, and you do not condemn the whole lot because there happen to be one or two among them not quite so sound as the rest.

Now I want you, Reader, to pick my Models in a similar spirit. If you come to a bad one, cast it aside, and try another. If you find nothing in that one, then select another from a richer plate, till you find something at last to your taste. Do this kindly, in a chatty, convivial manner, as if you had made up your mind to enjoy yourself, finding fault reluctantly, and then, even, generously, and allowing the good fruit to outweigh in your judgment the bad. Do this, I say, with perfect good humour, and, my word for it, you are qualified to sit at every literary board, gracing the richest as

well as the poorest table of contents, with your presence as

THE MODEL READER.

Purchase also the book you read, and your title is complete.

Something, you see, *has* come out of nothing.

I have even something more to say.

Many of the enclosed "Models" are taken from *Punch*, that Model Publication—surely you will allow me to say that, since, in writing, it has been my Book of Models. The specimens have been all modelled from living persons. I could point to many of my friends who have unconsciously sat as the originals, whilst I was quietly plastering them on paper. If any one of them is dissatisfied

with his portrait, I shall be too happy to put his name under it in the next batch.

In the meantime there is one Model which I am sure will go home to the bosom of every one who reads it, for the likeness is so self-evident that no one can fail, at the very first glance, to trace the happy identity. For this reason alone, my little book must be in the pockets of thousands, for who does not like to feel that he has that within him which brings him as near as possible to the MODEL GENTLEMAN?

This belief, once generally inculated, would be half its accomplishment.

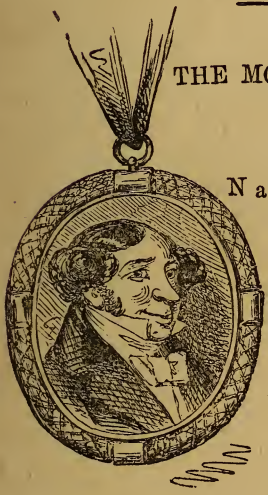
And now, Model Reader, if this noble end were only half attained, I ask you most emphatically if you would call that nothing?

This is certainly a Model Preface, short, modest, and all about nothing.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

MODEL MEN.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.



N a week day, he walks out with his wife, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside, if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He will get up in the middle of the night to rock the cradle, or answer the door-bell. He allows

the mother-in-law to stop in the house. He takes wine with her, and lets her breakfast in her own room. He eats cold meat without a murmur or pickles, and is indifferent about pies and puddings. The cheese is never too strong, or the beer too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Epsom, or a gig in the Park on a Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the Opera once a-year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself "the brown." He laces his wife's stays, even in December, and never asks for a fire in the bed-room on the most wintry nights. He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He checks the washing-bills. He

pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eyes to the "Sundries." He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; letting his wife waltz, and drink porter before company. He runs all her errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.

THE MODEL BACHELOR.

HE lives in chambers. He is waited upon by an old laundress, who lives he scarcely knows where. He sees her once a-week to pay her wages; but hears her every morning putting his room to rights. He rises late. He is skilful in lighting a fire—his practice generally of a morning. He understands the principle of boiling a kettle, and can cook a chop and trim a lamp. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee-shop, if he is "out of tea." He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trowsers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. His tea-caddy is, also, open from morning to night, the lock being, like his means, dreadfully hampered. He is uncertain about the

number of his shirts. He has not seen a button for years. He cannot tell who drinks the grog, or what becomes of all the empty bottles. He wonders who has taken all his Waverley Novels, excepting the second volume of the *Pirate*. He is allowed only one pair of boots *per diem*. If he wants a clean pair he must clean them himself, or wait till the following morning. His washerwoman mends his linen—at least she charges for it. He takes everything good-humouredly, but is a little put out if he finds he has left his latch key in his other coat, and that he cannot get in. He is a little ruffled, also, when he discovers the laundress has not made his bed—on Christmas-day, for instance He plays only two instruments—the flute and the cornet-à-piston. He is much sought after in society, and is a great diner-out. He can tie his handkerchief in a hundred different ways, and cuts an orange into the most impossible patterns. He is a good hand at carving, and rarely sends a goose into the opposite lady's lap. He makes excellent rabbits on the wall to amuse the children, and allows them to climb up his knees, reckless of his trowsers, and hang on his neck without a groan. He shines most at a supper party. He brews a bowl of punch, and mixes a lobster salad better than any man—so he says at least. He sings a good song with a noisy chorus, and makes a speech without being "unaccustomed to public speaking." He runs through a person's Health neater than anybody else, and serves up a Toast in the most glowing style, but does not stuff a society with nothing else all the evening. He is amiable to the fair sex,

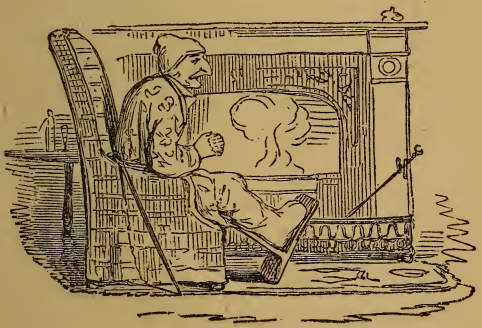
and hands cups of tea and glasses of negus, without spilling them. He is in great demand as a godfather and keeps a silver mug on hand, ready for the occasion. He enjoys his comforts, but doesn't dine at home, for he has no cook. He studies his ease, but jumps up readily on a cold morning to answer the door, if the knock is repeated more than three times. He knows where the best dinners are to be had about town, and is intimate with the shops for the best meat, the best fish, the best game, the best cigars, the best everything. He walks up the stairs of his Chambers in the dark, without falling, or trying at the wrong door. He prides himself on knowing a good glass of port. He is a favourite stalking-horse of the husbands, who are never out late but they are sure to have been with him. Every "glass too much" is put down to him; every visit to the Docks; all the half-prices at the theatre; all the dinners and suppers, no matter where, are at his persuasion. The wives consequently bear him no great affection, and generally convey their opinion by coupling his name with the prefix "*That*," very strongly italicised. His good-humour, however, conquers them, and he is welcome at every family table. He sees everything, is seen everywhere, and scarcely cares anything for anybody—excepting himself. His great object of life is enjoyment, and he succeeds to his heart's content.

Suddenly he is missed. He is not seen for weeks. He is entombed alive in his dreary Chambers with the gout, and only his laundress to tend him at distant intervals. The long days, the never-ending nights,

the racking pain, the cross old woman, who makes a favour of everything and is grateful for nothing, the want of comforts, the utter homelessness of the place, strike a chill into his heart, and he would willingly give all his past enjoyments for one kind voice to cheer him, for one person whom he loved to be near him. He rises from his bed an altered man.

He finds out a young niece whom he has never seen. He buys a house and gives it to her, to allow him to live in it. She nurses him in all his sicknesses, and bears all his ill-humour. He leaves her his little property, is as kind to her as the gout will allow him to be, and is lamented at his death by one person at least.

Thus lives and dies the MODEL BACHELOR.



THE MODEL SON

He dresses in black, with a white neckcloth. He never goes to the theatre. He is not fond of cards, though he takes a hand occasionally at whist to please his old father; but then it is only for penny points. He has no talent for running in debt, or any genius for smoking. He does not flirt, or read light publications, or have noisy friends to call upon him. He pays ready money for everything, and insists upon discount. He has a small sum in a particular safe Bank, somewhere. He dances but seldom, and then only with young ladies with a very certain income. He does not care much for beauty, and has a soul above pins and rings. He never keeps the servants up, and has a horror of reading in bed. He decants the wines, and compliments his father adroitly upon his "tawny old port." He carves without spilling any of the gravy at table, and is very

obliging in executing all paternal errands and commissions. There is rarely more than one Model Son in each family; but he does duty enough for half-a dozen, as he is continually being held up as the very model of perfection to the other sons, who bear him no very violent love in consequence. His virtue has its reward in his father's will

THE MODEL POLICEMAN.

HE walks upright, as flexible as a kitchen poker, his thoughts and hands quite full—like the King of Prussia—of his "beloved Berlins." He keeps his eyes straight before him, even if there is a leg of mutton from the baker's running the opposite way. He rarely looks lower than the parlour windows, when the servants are on board wages. His heart—unlike himself—is constantly "on the beat." His taste for beauty is only equalled by his appetite for cold beef. He shows the weakness of his body by calling Daniel Harvey "Wittles."

The Model Policeman moves only in the most fashionable areas. He is rather particular in seeing if the coal cellar is fast, about supper time He is

never inside a kitchen, unless "the street-door has been left open." He is affable to the footman, and smiles to the page, but suspects the butler, and calls the French maid "proud." His appearance and spirits are greatly regulated by the neighbourhood In Belgravia he wears straps, plays with a pink, and buzzes to himself some popular tune. In St. Giles's his cheeks get hollow, his buttons grow rusty, his belt is put on anyhow, and his boots are only polished with blacklead!!

The Model Policeman arrives at a row before it is quite over, and sometimes gets at a fire a minute or two before the fire-escape. He knows every pick pocket in the world, and has seen everybody who is taken up two or three times before. He has a vivid recollection of what another Policeman remembers, and if the testimony of an Inspector is impugned, he shows a great love for his cloth by swearing (as the saying is) "till all is blue." He objects to "plain clothes;" he thinks them not uniform, and "unper fessional." He never smiles when inside a theatre, nor sleeps at a sermon, nor takes an opera-glass to look at the ballet when stationed in the gallery of Her Majesty's. He rarely releases the wrong person he has taken into custody for disturbing the performances He has a virtuous horror of Punch and Judy, and insists upon the India rubber Brothers "moving on" in the midst even of the Human Pyramid. He never stops at a print-shop, nor loiters before a cook-shop, nor hangs about a pastrycook's, excepting to drive away the little boy's who choke up the door where the

stale pastry is exhibited. He is not proud, but will hold a gentleman's horse at an emergency, and take sixpence for it. He rings bells the first thing in the morning, runs to fetch the doctor, helps an early coffee-stall to unpack her cups and saucers, pulls down shutters, gives "lights" to young gentlemen staggering home, directs them to the nearest "public," and does not even mind going in with them, "just to have a little drop of something to keep himself warm." In fact, the Model Policeman does anything for the smallest trifle, to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He never laughs. He is the terror of the publicans on Saturday nights, but is easily melted with "a drop on the sly."

He is courageous, also, and will take up an apple woman, or a "lone woman" with babies, without a moment's hesitation. He is not irritable, but knows his dignity. Do not speak to him much, unless you have a very good coat. Above all, do not joke with him when on duty. You are sure to know him by his collar being up. In that mood, he strikes first and listens afterwards. Do not put a finger upon him, for he construes it into an assault. Of the two forces he certainly belongs to the Physical, rather than to the Moral Force. He will help an old woman over a crossing; but is not very "nice" when roused, and thinks no more of breaking a head than an oath, if it stands in the way of his advancement. He is tremendous in a row, and cares no more for a "brush" than his oilskin hat. He hates the name of Chartist, and cannot "abide" a Frenchman in any shape, any more

than a beggar, especially if he has moustaches He has a secret contempt for the "Specials," whom he calls "amateurs." He rarely fraternises with a Beadle, excepting when there is an insurrection of boys, and it comes to open snowballing, or splashing with the fire-plug. He prohibits all sliding, puts down vaulting over posts, leapfrog, grottos, chuck-farthing, and is terribly upset with a piece of orange-peel, or the cry of "Peeler"

The rain does not terrify him, but still, to protect his clothes, he prefers standing under a spacious portico, or taking refuge in some friendly hall, where he is the centre of a group of listening flunkies who are waiting on their "missuses" waltzing above. Late at night, if there is a public-house open in the neighbourhood, you may be sure of finding him there, for England expects every Policeman to do his Duty where there is the greatest danger coupled with the most liquor.

He is kind, also, to old gentleman "who have been dining out." He learns their address, takes them to the door, sees them in, and calls the next day to inquire "if they got home safe!" A small gratuity does not offend him, especially if accompanied with the offer as to what he would like to drink?

He avoids a lobster-shop for fear of vulgar comparisons, and hates the military—"the whole biling of 'm"—for some raw reason; but he touches his hat to "the Duke." He rarely sleeps inside a cab of a cold night. He never lights a cigar till the theatres are over. He is a long time in hearing the cry of

"Stop thief!" and is particularly averse to running; his greatest pace is a hackney-coach gallop, even after a Sweep, who is following, too literally, his calling. He is meek to lost children, and takes them to the station-house in the most fatherly manner. He is polite to elderly ladies, who have lost a cat or a parrot, and gives directions to a porter in search of a particular street without losing his temper. He is fond of a silver watch, and he reaches the summit of a policeman's pride and happiness if he gets a silver guard with it.

There is nothing, however, he loves half so closely —next to himself—as his whiskers. It is only a good trimming from the Bench, or a ducking in one of the Trafalgar Square basins, that can possibly take the curl out of them. He would sooner throw up staff, station, and be numbered amongst the dead letters of the Post Office, or the rural police, than part with a single hair of them; for the Model Policeman feels that without his whiskers he should cut but a contemptible figure in the eyes of those he loves, even though he exhibited on his collar the proud label of A 1! Beyond his whiskers, his enjoyments are but few. He watches the beer as it is delivered at each door, he follows the silvery sound of "muffins!" through streets and squares, he loves to speculate upon the destination of the fleeting butcher's tray, and on Saturday night he threads the mazy stalls of the nearest market, his love growing at the sight of the things it is wont to feed on. His principal amusement is to peep through the key-hole of the street-door at night with

his bull's eye—especially if any one is looking at him This is the great difficulty, however, for the policeman's clothes are of that deep "Invisible Blue" that persons have lived for years in London without seeing one. This is the reason, probably, when he is seen, that he throws so much light upon himself, as if the creature wished to engrave the fact of his curiosity strongly upon the recollection of the startled beholder by means of the most powerful illumination. Without some such proof, the incredulous world would never believe in the existence of a MODEL POLICEMAN!

THE MODEL WAITER

HE is single, of course What time has he to make love, excepting to the cook, and she is hot-tempered and cross, as all tavern cooks are, and he has far too many spoons to look after to think of increasing his responsibilities with a family of children.

He is always "Coming! coming!" but rather, like the auctioneer, he is always "Going! going! gone!" for he no sooner jerks out "Coming!" than he bolts out of the room. Ask him for his name: It is "Bob," or "Charrles." The waiter never has a surname. He takes his dinner how he can off the sideboard, or a chair in the passage. If he is very busy, he has no dinner at all. He approaches his plate to steal a mouthful, when fifty shouts of "waitar" call him

THIS PORTRAIT OF JOHN, MANY YEARS WAITER AT THE GRAPES TAVERN IS PRESENTED BY THE FREQUENTERS OF THE COFFEE-ROOM TO THE RESPECTED LANDLORD.

THE MODEL WAITER.

away. Of many contending cries he attends to that of "money" first.

The Model Waiter never says *I*. He is quite editorial, and always says *We*—as, "*We're* very full at present, sir. *We* had two hundred dinners yesterday, sir, and three hundred and thirty-five suppers. *We* consume one hundred and sixty-nine rabbits regularly every night, sir." He puts on two "Sirs" to every answer, and an odd penny, if the score comes to an exact shilling—"Chop? yes, sir—sixpence; potatoes? yes, sir—tuppence; beer? exactly, sir—tuppence; and bread? yes, sir; makes tenpence, and tuppence makes thirteenpence—precisely one and a penny, sir." His favourite word is "nice." He recommends "a *nice* chop, with a *nice* glass of half-and-half;" or he says, "You 'll find that a nice glass of port, sir," or it 's "the nicest breast he ever saw." He can unravel the mysteries of *Bradshaw*, without turning over every one of the tables two or three times, and he knows all the play-bills of the evening by heart. He never calls a slice of Stilton "*a* cheese."

He is impartial in the distribution of the "paper," and gives the middle sheet invariably to him who has eaten the most dinners in the house. He shows no favour either with the evening papers, but awards them first to those who are drinking wine, to the spirits next, whilst to the beer he gives the Supplement of yesterday's *Times*.

His shoes are perfect fellows, with upright heels, and the strings are carefully tied; and his handkerchief so white, it would do credit to a pet parson in the heart of Belgravia. He has "everything in

the house,' till you cross-examine him, when the "everything" sinks down to "a nice chop, or a tender steak, sir." The joint is always in "very good cut," and has only been up these two minutes. He is mute for a penny, says "thank yee" for twopence, and helps on your coat for everything above it. Politics have no charm for him, and he never looks at a paper, excepting when he is waiting for the last customer, and is tired of killing flies. The only news that interest him are the "Want Places," and the pictures. He is good-humoured, and laughs at any joke, even those of a Fast Man. A stranger in his vocabulary is a "party." He talks of persons according to the boxes they sit in, and cuts down all gentlemen to "gents." He is not mean with his mustard, or the vinegar-cruets, and does not hide them in a dark corner. He carries a lofty pillar, quite a falling tower, of plates, without dropping anything out of them, and does not spill the gravy down an old gentleman's neck. If anything is done to rags, or to a cinder, or under-done, or not done at all—if the punch is as weak as water, or there 's too much sugar in it, or it 's as sour as a pew-opener, he bears it all with unruffled meekness, and only begins wiping down the table with his napkin. If the wine is too old, or too young, or too fruity, or too tawny, his waiter's fine instinct tells him at once what a gentleman will like, and he rushes out furiously in a waiter's gallop to get it, and returns with something that elicits "Ah! that 's just the thing." However, as a general rule, the port has never been less than ten years in bottle. The cigars, too, are imported

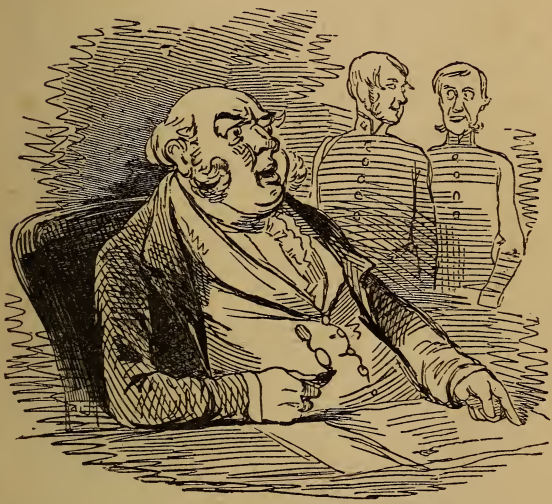
direct from the Havannah, and cost us full 32*s.* a pound, sir. We do not clear a farthing by them, sir.

The Model Waiter very seldom has a holiday. If he does, it is to see some other waiter, or to help at the Freemason's, or to assist a friend at some grand dinner in a nobleman's family. His life vibrates between the kitchen and the parlour, and he never sits down from morning till long past midnight. He attempts to doze sometimes, but the loud chorus of "We won't go home till morning!" wakes him up, and he execrates in his heart the monster who ever composed that song; it must have been some wretch, he is sure, who owed a long score to an unfortunate waiter, who had sued him for it. He makes a faint effort to turn off the gas, but is repulsed with an unanimous call for "more kidneys." It is not wonderful, therefore, if in the morning he yawns over the knives and forks, and drops several involuntary tears whilst replenishing the mustard-pot.

After wearing out innumerable pairs of shoes, a testimonial is got up for the Model Waiter by the "gents of his room," and they present him with a full-length portrait of himself, "as a slight token of their warm appreciation of his unfailing civility, cheerful demeanour, and uniform attention during a term of forty years." This testimonial represents him in the act of drawing the cork of one of the ten years' bottles of port for a party of gentlemen who are sitting in a box in the corner of the picture, and who are portraits of Messrs. Brown, Robinson, and Smith, three of the oldest chop-eaters of the house! It is

hung in a glittering frame over the mantel-piece of the room, in and out of which he has been running for the last forty years, and becomes the property of the establishment, there being a special clause let in the frame, that it is never to be removed from the room The Model Waiter, however, has been saving a little fortune of pennies during his long career of chops and steaks—his only extravagances having been the washing of his white handkerchiefs and Berlin gloves every now and then on state occasions—and he pur chases, in his grey old age, the business of his landlord, takes unto himself the pretty barmaid as his wife, and dies without having once been fined for keeping open half a minute after twelve on a Saturday night, or serving a pint of beer on Sundays during the hours of divine service. His portrait still hangs over the mantel-piece as a moral public-house sign to all future waiters, that, to become landlords, they have only to keep in view the MODEL WAITER

THE MODEL MAGISTRATE.



HE is a barrister with a subdued practice, and but little known beyond the usher of his Court. He learns, however, that the scales of Justice have two sides—one for the rich, one for the poor. The balance, as he holds it, is rarely equal. For the one there is a fine, "which is immediately paid;" for the other there is the House of Correction, with hard labour. The gentleman is invited to a seat on the bench; the pauper is kindly informed that "he had better mind what he is about" He knows the intrinsic value of

every assault, and has fixed a market price for every limb. An eye costs very little more than a case of drunkenness. A broken head he puts down at a couple of sovereigns, or a donation to the poor-box. He is sorry to see young gentlemen, "who have been dining out," forget themselves so, and will only fine them five shillings this once. He is sure he has seen every applewoman before. He will have no trading on the kerbstones. He has great faith in the words of the police, and calls them by their real names. He has a just hatred of a cabman, only to be equalled by his profound aversion for an omnibus-conductor. He sees a poacher in every smock-frock.

All beggars he sentences to the Mill. He addresses a pickpocket as "Sir," and is sarcastic upon boys, calling them "young gentlemen." He delights in summoning overseers, and beadles, and enjoys a good collision with the workhouse. He regrets exceedingly to commit a nobleman. He has a private room for a lady shoplifter, and is glad to inform her that she "leaves this Court with her character quite unim pugned," though the matter has been compromised within his hearing. He has the most sublime contempt for the opinions of the press. He does not care what they say of him, though he does inveigh sometimes rather strongly against them. He does not like his law to be questioned, but of the two evils prefers a lawyer to a barrister. He jokes sometimes, and it must be confessed the joke is of the very smallest quality, but the whole Court, excepting the poor devil at whose expense the lugubrious witticism is cut, laughs tremendously.

The Model Magistrate arrives at the Police Office at ten, but does not mind keeping the Court waiting. He leaves as soon as he can, though he is not very partial to visits at his own residence. But what he likes least are remonstrances from the Home Office, for, strangely enough, a Magistrate has been dismissed before now. This may have some little influence in keeping the race of Model Magistrates rather restricted. May it soon become extinct! It is most pitiful to hear of a Magistrate committing himself as well as the prisoner!

"TAKE AWAY THE PRISONER, AND BRING IN THE DINNER."

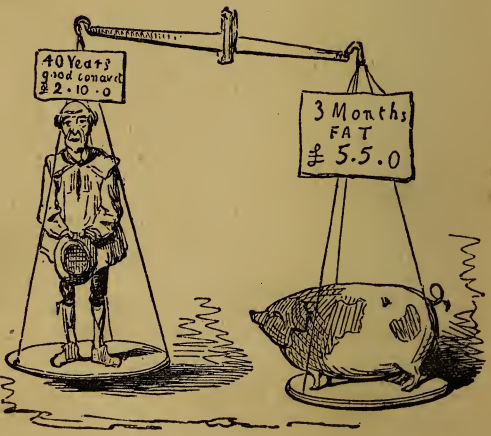
THE MODEL LABOURER

HE supports a large family upon the smallest wages. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a-day. He rises early to dig in what he calls his garden. He prefers his fireside to the alehouse, and has only one pipe when he gets home, and then to bed. He attends church regularly, with a clean smock-frock and face on Sundays, and waits outside, when service is over, to pull his hair to his landlord, or, in his absence, pays the same reverence to the steward. Beer and he are perfect strangers, rarely meeting, except at Christmas or harvest time; and as for spirits, he only know them, like meat, by name He does not care for skittles. He never loses a day's work by attending political meetings. Newspapers do not make him discontented, for the simple reason that he cannot read. He believes strongly in the fact of his belonging to the "Finest Peasantry." He sends his children

THE MODEL LABOURER.

to school somehow, and gives them the best boots and education he can. He attributes all blights, bad seasons, failures, losses, accidents, to the repeal of the Corn Laws. He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in his respect for rabbits, that Jack Sheppard was a poacher; and betwixt ourselves, thinks Messrs. Cobden and Bright very little better He whitewashes his cottage once a-year. He is punctual with his rent, and somehow, by some rare secret best known by his wages, he is never ill He knows absolutely nothing beyond the affairs of his parish, and does not trouble himself greatly about them. If he has a vote, it is his landlord's, of course. He joins in the cry of "Protection," wondering what it means, and puts his X most innocently to any farmer's petition He subscribes a penny a-week to a Burial Society. He erects triumphal arches, fills up a group of happy tenants, shouts, sings, dances—any mockery or absurdity, to please his measter. He has an incurable horror of the Union, and his greatest pride is to starve sooner than to solicit parish relief. His children are taught the same creed. He prefers living with his wife to being separated from her. His only amusement is the Annual Agricultural Fat-and-Tallow Show; his greatest happiness, if his master's pig, which he has fattened, gets the prize. He struggles on, existing rather than living, infinitely worse fed than the beasts he gets up for the Exhibitions—much less cared about than the soil he cultivates, toiling, without hope, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, his wages never higher—frequently less—and perhaps after thirty years' unceasing

labour, if he has been all that time with the same landlord, he gets the munificent reward of six-and-two-pence, accompanied, it is true, with a warm eulogium on his virtues by the president (a real Lord), for having brought up ten children and several pigs upon five shillings a-week. This is the MODEL LABOURER, whose end of life is honourably fulfilled if he is able, after a whole life's sowing for another, to reap a coffin for himself to be buried in!



THE MODEL AGITATOR

HE is born with the bump of Notoriety This bump first expands at school. He heads all the rows His special delight is in teasing the masters. As for punishments, they only whip him on to renewed rows. He is insensible to the cane, quite callous to the birch. At home the bump grows larger. He bullies the servants, and plays the democrat to his younger brothers. He is always in open rebellion with "the governor," and very seditious on the question of latch

keys. His love of talk bursts out on every little occasion. He will not ring the bell without an argument. He is very rich in contradictions, having always a No for everybody else's Yes. At last he revolts against parental tyranny, and is kicked out of doors. He is an injured man, and joins a debating club. The bump gets bigger. He attends a public meeting. The bump enlarges still more. He is called at the bar, and the bump has reached its culminating height. Henceforth He and Notoriety are two inseparables. He runs after it everywhere, and eventually, after numerous dodges through bye-lanes, and heaps of mud, and narrow, dirty courses, and the most questionable paths, he catches the dear object of his pursuit. He is notorious! He has good lungs, and his reputation is made. He is a hearty hater of every Government. In fact he is always hating. He knows there is very little notoriety to be gained by praising.

The only thing he flatters is the mob. Nothing is too sweet for them; every word is a lump of sugar. He flatters their faults, feeds their prejudices with the coarsest stimulants, and paints, for their amusement, the blackest things white. He is madly cheered in consequence. In time he grows into an idol. But cheers do not pay, however loud. The most prolonged applause will not buy a mutton-chop. The hat is carried round, the pennies rain into it, and the Agitator pours them into his patriotic pocket. It is suddenly discovered that he has made some tremendous sacrifice for the people. The public sympathy is

first raised, then a testimonial, then a subscription. He is grateful, and promises the Millennium. The trade begins to answer, and he fairly opens shop as a Licensed Agitator. He hires several journeymen with good lungs, and sends agents—patriotic bagmen—round the country to sell his praises and insults, the former for himself, and the latter for everybody else. Every paper that speaks the truth of him is publicly hooted at; everybody who opposes him is pelted with the hardest words selected from the Slang Dictionary A good grievance is started, and hunted everywhere. People join in the cry, the Agitator leading off and shouting the loudest. The grievance is run off its legs; but another and another soon follows, till there is a regular pack of them. The country is in a continual ferment, and at last rises. Riots ensue; but the Model Agitator is the last person to suffer from them. He excites the people to arm themselves for the worst; but begs they will use no weapons His talk is incendiary, his advice the very best gunpowder, and yet he hopes no explosion will take place. He is an Arsenal wishing to pass for a Baby linen warehouse. He is all peace, all love, and yet his hearers grow furious as they listen to him, and rush out to burn ricks and shoot landlords. He is always putting his head on the block. Properly speaking, he is beheaded once a quarter.

A Monster Meeting is his great joy, to be damped, only, by the rain or the police. He glories in a prosecution. He likes to be prosecuted. He asks for it: shrieks out to the Government—"Why don't you

prosecute me?" and cries, and gets quite mad if they will not do it. The favour at length is granted. He is thrown into prison, and grows fat upon it; for from that moment he is a martyr, and paid as one, accordingly.

The Model Agitator accumulates a handsome fortune, which he bequeathes to his sons, with the following advice, which is a rich legacy of itself:—"If you wish to succeed as an Agitator, you must buy your patriotism in the cheapest market and sell it in the dearest."

THE MODEL TAILOR

THE MODEL TAILOR

HE is the most confiding of human beings. He is generous—charitable to a fault—for the destitute have only to go to him and ask for clothes, and they get exactly what they want. He gives them the best of everything—velvets, silks, the finest kersey meres—nothing is too good for them. He even feels a virtuous pleasure in the act, and is quite angry if the person whom he has clothed does not return to him afterwards, and be measured for a new suit. Far from repulsing you, he makes you welcome, and really feels grateful that you have not forgotten him. He presses you in the most tempting manner to have something new He has a lovely pattern for a waistcoat—a real Cashmere—it is just the thing for you. Will you allow him to send you home one? He is miserable if you refuse, so take the waistcoat by all means, and

make the poor fellow happy. He has, also, some beautiful stuff for trowsers—just arrived from Paris—it would become you admirably—will you let him make you a pair? Don't say No, or else his generous heart will sink, and with it his high opinion of you. His philanthropy, in fact, is unbounded; he does good merely for the sake of doing good. All men are his brothers, with this exception, that he gives them all they ask, even lends them money if they want it, and never expects the smallest return. He is the Gentleman's Best Friend.

The Model Tailor, sometimes, it must be confessed, sends in his bill, though payment, generally speaking, never enters into his thoughts. But then he is ashamed of the liberty, and apologises most profusely for it. He is fully sensible that he is doing wrong, and blushes in his soul for the shabbiness he is guilty of. It is only that he is terribly distressed for money, or else he would not think of "troubling" you. He is greatly subject to that heaviest of all social calamities—a "little bill." He asks you, as the greatest favour, to let him have a "trifle upon account," and leaves you happier than poets can express, if you promise to let him have something in a day or two. Should it be inconvenient, however, he never presses the point, and will look in some other time. Should you express astonishment at his demand—you cannot have had his bill more than two years—he excuses himself in the most penitential manner, and begs your pardon for having mentioned the subject. The next day he calls to inquire if you

want anything in his way; the generous creature forgives as quickly as he forgets. His anger is only roused when you leave him to go to another tailor. He is very jealous of any one else doing a kind action, and would like to enjoy the monopoly of all the Schneider virtues. In his anger he has been known to send a lawyer's letter; but if you go to him and quietly tell him what you think of his conduct, and order a new wrap rascal, he will settle the matter himself, and assure you that the thing is purely a mistake, and that no one can possibly be more sorry for it than he is.

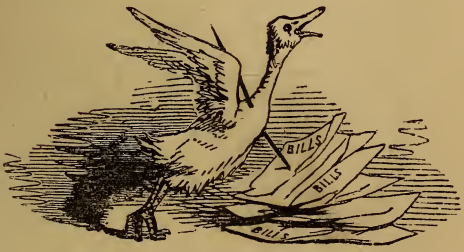
The Model Tailor takes a pride in seeing his clothes on the back of a perfect gentleman. He knows no higher gratification than when he is "cutting out" a nobleman. His greatest enjoyment is going to the Opera, and recognising, from a distance, the Earls, and Marquises, and the dashing young Barts. and Knts., all walking about in the "charming" coats he has made for them. He throws his entire soul into his business, and places it high amongst the Fine Arts, Sculpture excepted, which in naked truth he thinks very meanly of, as he cannot imagine how persons can see any beauty in Apollo and Venus, dressed as they are, or how a toga can be considered a suit of clothes any more than a table-cloth.

The Model Tailor has exquisite taste, and unlimited faith. He praises the figure of every one of his customers, and never doubts any one till after four years' credit. He strives his utmost to conceal the eccentricities of a pair of parenthetical legs, and spares

no cloth for fattening every miserable lean calf that comes under his paternal shears. He disowns fox's heads and four-in-hands, and such vagaries upon saucer buttons, and does not encourage the style of dress invented by the "stable mind." He warrants to fit anything, and boasts, though not much given to joking, of having made a dress-coat for a corkscrew. He does not recommend things to wash, that are sure to leave their complexion behind them in the first wash-tub; nor make a practice of registering his straps, his belts, button-holes, and every little article of costume. He estimates men, not by their measures but his own, and in his tailor's eyes he is the best man who turns out the best after he has been well dressed by him once or twice. He despairs of Lord Brougham ever being a great man, but has great hopes of Prince Albert.

The Model Tailor rarely makes a fortune, unless he has been very unfortunate through life. An insol vency just puts him straight; a first bankruptcy leaves him only a handsome surplus, but a second one enables him to retire. The sad truth is, that the simple child of Eve knows he owes all his business to the fact of her biting the apple, and he has not the heart to distress any son of Adam for the clothes he wears. Perhaps he feels that it would be like pocketing the wages of sin. His assignees, therefore, are obliged to collect his debts for him, and accordingly, the oftener he fails, the richer he becomes. He buys, in his old age, a large estate with a small title upon it, somewhere in Germany, and leaves his "goose" to

be cooked by somebody else, universally regretted by all those customers who have known him since the date of his last fiat. He lives a happy Victim, and dies a contented Baron. Of all tradesmen there is not one so estimable, so incredulous, so generous, so beloved, when you meet with one, as the MODEL TAILOR



THE MODEL M.P

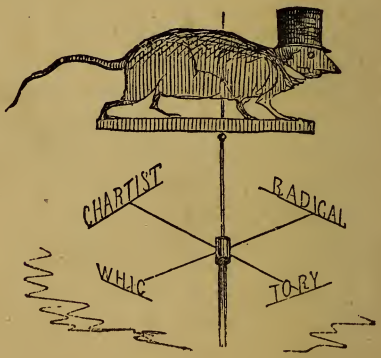
HE lodges in Parliament Street, but has his letters addressed to the Garrick, or Reform Club. He enters the House invariably before prayers, and only leaves it with the Speaker. He never misses a Wednesday. He even attends on a Chisholm-Anstey night, or when the Danish claims are brought forward He

is a very great man at the hustings, making the most lavish threats to amend the Constitution and stop the supplies; but somehow, when he gets into the House he sinks into one of those Hon. Members whose voice is always "inaudible in the gallery." He rises occasionally, but sits down directly if any other Member rises with him. He is not very ambitious, seldom going beyond a "laugh." His favourite flight is to count out the House on a Derby day. He has not a large conscience. He votes unremittingly with Ministers, and has his reward in a gracious bow from Lord John, and occasionally an invitation to dinner, when he is quite proud to see his name in print, and dispatches innumerable copies of the paper to his constituents.

He has a profound veneration for the British Lion, and loves to display his classical knowledge by applauding every little bit of Latin and Greek. He is deeply skilled in the Parliamentary gamut, which he can run up and down with the zoological flexibility of a Von Joel, from a crow in C major to a donkey in D alt. He is an easy victim for a Committee, and takes a pride in attending the deputations of the Commons before the Lords. He is a stern upholder of the etiquette of the House, and is fond of summoning innocent printers before the bar, or of incarcerating Irish Members in coal-holes, for contempt. He executes the little errands of his party, and on an emergency acts as whipper-in. He sups regularly at Bellamy's, where his profound knowledge of chops and steaks is highly respected, and his calls for "lemon

peel" instantly attended to. The clerks and door keepers look up at him as a clock, and put on their great-coats and comforters immediately they see him come out.

In private life, the model M.P. attends public meetings, and seconds all sorts of charitable resolutions for the Blacks, and philanthrophic expeditions up the Niger. He has been known even to take the chair at a benevolent dinner, when the Duke of Cambridge has been absent by indisposition. He subscribes liberally to hospitals, to all charities, mock and real, to every new testimonial, and is too happy to forward any absurd plan with the full strength of his two initials. He reads every newspaper, and dies in the possession of his seat, very obscure, but universally regretted by the party which has had his vote for the last fifty years.



THE MODEL DEBTOR

HE never thinks it dear so long as he gets a thing on credit. No dinner is too good for him; the dearest wines, the earliest peas, the most juvenile strawberries, the strongest liquors, the most exotic luxuries—everything that is expensive and delicious, so that he is not called upon to give ready money for it. The world pays, and he enjoys himself. His cab is found him free of expense, and by some charm he has a two hundred guinea horse sent home to him without paying a single penny for it. The rent of his house is several quarters due; the furniture is of the very best, but not a stick or a stitch of it has been settled for, and the very sheets he sleeps in might be taken from under him by his washerwoman, for terrible arrears of debt. These thoughts, however, do not trouble his happiness. He

trusts, for everything, to his appearance. He knows well enough that a man with a shabby exterior never gets credit for anything in this world. He has a good coat, and on the back of it orders as many clothes as he likes. He has only to ask for hats, boots, walking sticks, pistols, dressing-cases, and they are all left at his "residence," exactly as if he had paid for every one of them. No questions are asked—not a soul is in a hurry; for "any one can see he is a perfect gentleman." He flourishes a cheque-book, though his drafts would not be liquidated at any other bank but Aldgate Pump. The day of reckoning, however, sooner or later, comes. Then it is that the wonderful impudence, the real genius, of the Model Debtor, bursts out in all its greatness. It is not convenient for him to pay just at present. It would be ruination to sell out when the funds are so low. He wonders at Mr. Smith's impatience (Smith is his butcher)—the bill can barely have been owing two years—but he will call and settle next week. Some he threatens to expose; the impertinence of others he will certainly report to all his friends; and he silences the noisiest with a piece of stamped paper, on which his name is inscribed, as the representative of hundreds of pounds. But the bubble gets larger and larger, till it bursts. Then the Model Debtor tumbles from his high estate—if ever he had any—and from an "eligible mansion" he falls to a "desirable lodging," at a few shillings per week. He likes the Surrey side of the Thames best

His life is now a constant game of hide-and-seek. He is never "at home," especially to top-boots and

Jerusalem noses, that bring letters and wait for answers in the passage. He grows nervous. Every knock at the door throws him back, and he rings the bell violently two or three times, whispers to the servant through the door, turns the key, and crouches down with his ear at the key-hole. He looks out of the window before he ventures in the street. He only walks when he cannot afford to pay for a cab. Omnibuses are dangerous: it is not so easy to avoid a creditor inside. He selects the dreariest thorough fares, and never penetrates into a *cul-de-sac*, or approaches within a mile of Chancery Lane. His impudence, however, does not desert him. He never recollects any bill whatever, and if stopt and questioned about his name, he threatens in the grandest manner to call the police. When pressed for money, he is sure the account was paid long ago, and that he has got the receipt somewhere at home. He is most fruitful in excuses, and lavish in promises. He generally expects a "good round sum in a day or two." He can never get his accounts in, and was disappointed only last week of a large balance he had relied upon for paying your little "trifle." As he falls lower in the world, he gets meeker. He would pay if he could. All he asks for is time. Business is very bad —never was worse. He only wants to look round him. He hopes you won't be hard upon him; but if prosecuted, if goaded to death in this way, sooner than lead the life he does, he will go into the *Gazette*, and then his creditors must not blame *him* if they don't get a farthing. He means well, if they will only leave

him alone. He will be happy to give you a bill. He has a wife and seven children. In fact, he is a most affectionate parent, and the sacrifices he has made for his family no one can tell but himself—which he does upon every possible opportunity. He grows tired of answering letters, and as for giving the name of his solicitor, he hates the law too much to do it. He meets a bill and a bailiff with equal horror; but does not care much for either, if he can only be sure of a "good long run." He is very sensitive about the left shoulder, going off, like a hair-trigger, at the slighest touch. His great day is Sunday. He is then everywhere—in the Park especially—and any one to see him would imagine "he could look the whole world in the face, and defy any one to say he owed him a shilling." He is brave, too, during Vacation. He is very intimate with the law, and has a profound respect for the Statute of Limitations; but thinks England not worth living in since the County Courts Act. He carries his anti pathy, indeed, so far as to run over some fine morning to Boulogne and never coming back again, leaving all his property, though, behind him in a carpet-bag replete with bricks. There his first care is to cultivate a moustache, and to procure new clothes, new dinners, fresh victims. He is always expecting a remittance by the next post. His bankers, however, are very remiss, and he is lodged at last by his land-lord in the *Hotel d'Angleterre*—in plain English, the prison. He only asks for time, and at last he gets more of it than he likes, for he is locked up for two or three years in jail, unless he is very lucky and is

liberated by a Revolution. He disappears no one knows where. His friends wonder what has become of him, till there is a vague report that he has been seen as an *attaché* to one of the gaming-houses about Leicester Square, or, if he is tolerably well off, that he has been recognised on the road to Epsom, driving a cab, with a large number (say 2584) painted upon it

The Model Debtor is honest at last, for he has arrived at that stage of life at which no man will put any trust in him. He pays his way—turnpikes inclu ded—and does not overcharge more than what is perfectly Hansom. He pays ready money for every thing, even down to the waterman on the cabstand, and gives himself out as "a gentleman who has seen better days." His great boast, however, is that all through the ups and downs of his racketty career, he never left unpaid a single debt of honour. Doubtlessly, this is a great source of consolation to the numerous tradesmen to whom he never paid a penny!

THE MODEL FRIEND.

HE borrows money, of course, and pleases himself about returning it. Your house is his house—your property just as much his property. He invades your library at all hours, and smuggles what books he likes, and lends them to whom he chooses. He rides your horses, and buys Havannah cigars and Eau-de-Cologne, and all sorts of bargains for you, no matter whether you want them or not. He has a patent for giving advice, and speaking his mind very freely at all times. He must be consulted in any step you undertake, from the purchase of a poodle to the choice of a wife. He wears your collars, your gloves, and does not mind putting on your great coat, or even, at a stretch, wear-

ing your polished leather boots, and walking off with them. He will stop with you a month, if you ask him for a week, and will bring one or two especial friends—"capital fellows" he calls them—if you ask him to dinner. In return, he is obliging, obsequious, has a wonderful capacity for drinking and smoking; tells a good story, and sings a good song; wins your money at *écarté* with the best grace in the world; will get you to accept a bill, and almost persuade you he is doing you a favour; and if you should be penniless to-morrow, he will meet you in the street, and, as a Model Friend, cut you.

THE MODEL FAST MAN.

YOU know him at once by his being the noisiest, the most conspicuous person wherever he is. His dress, too, never fails to attract public notice. He is unhappy if not seen—he is miserable if not heard.

In the street he flourishes a little stick, which, for want of something better to do, he rattles against the railings. He stares ladies in the face, and takes his hat off to carriages, and delights in kissing his hand to some old dowager who is looking out of a drawing-room window. A sedan-chair is his great amusement. He stops the porters, and asks them what they will take him to Buckingham Palace and back again for? He directs a hackney-coach to drive as fast as possible to the British Museum, and to ask Sir Henry Ellis to be kind enough to put it under a glass-case among the Fossils. He takes a card that is

THE
MODEL FAST MAN

offered to him by a street conjuror, and gives him in return one of his own, with an intimation that he "shall be happy to see him at any time between two and four." He walks behind fat old ladies, and is very loud in the praises "of the jolly mad bull there is in the next street." He rings area-bells and inquires "if they could oblige him with the loan of a cucumber-slicer for five minutes." He removes any pewter-pot he finds, and knocks at the door to ask "if it belongs to them: it was hanging outside the railings, and might be stolen by some unprincipled person." Newsvenders are his especial favourites. He calls them from the other side of the way to ask "if they have got the *Independent Doorknocker* of 1356; if not, he should like to see the third edition of the *Times* to-morrow." He makes cruel faces to little babies as they hang over their nurses' shoulders, and is flattered if he makes them cry. If he meets with twins, he is happy indeed. He shouts into sausage shops as he passes by—"D'ye want any cats, dogs, or kittens, to-day?" He hails an omnibus, and whilst it is stopping, turns down the next street; and he looks at a cabman till he drives up to him, when he wonders what the "cabbie" wants: he was only admiring his handsome whiskers. If he finds a looking-glass he adjusts his toilet in it, and takes off his hat and bows to himself, exclaiming, "On my word, you are looking remarkably well; I never saw you look better." He looks at the milliners through the shop-windows, and darts at them his most piercing smiles. He stares at the watch-

makers at their work, with intense curiosity, and talks to them with his fingers, till they get up and leave their stools with great indignation. If he meets the Lord Mayor's carriage with three footmen on the foot-board, he is sure to call out "Whip behind!" and he laughs his loudest if the coachman should unconsciously lay his whip across their calves. He is very rich in noises. His "Va-ri-e-ty" is unequalled at two o'clock in the morning; and his collection of "Ri-too-loorals," and "Rum-ti-oddities," and select choruses, is not to be surpassed by the oldest *habitué* of the Coal-hole. He whistles, too, through his fingers; and can bark, crow, and bray quite naturally, especially inside Exeter Hall, or any place where he shouldn't do it. One of his proudest achievements is to enter an omnibus crowded with females, and to display on his knees a large jar, marked "Leeches." He delights, too, in sprinkling cayenne-pepper and snuff on the floor of a dancing-party after supper, or in going behind the cornet-a-piston, and making him laugh during a long solo, when the struggling laughter oozing out in short gasps through the valves, nearly sends him into fits. He glories in sending in six "brandies warm" to the chairman and different gentlemen on the platform of a Temperance Meeting. He makes a practice of ringing the bells of all doctors as he walks home at night.

In the theatre, he slams the box door, and shouts "Box-keeper!" with the most stentorian lungs. He is vociferous in his applause, and sparkles up at the

prospect of a row. He likes to sneeze during the pathetic parts, and shouts "Brayvo, Wright!" when the old father is blessing his long-lost child. He revels in a burlesque with plenty of Amazons in it. He cries out "*Encore!*" at everything, but Hicks especially.

In respectable society he is awkard, and generally very quiet. He does not dance, not knowing what to say to his partner. He hangs about the door and staircase, and consoles himself with the cakes and wine; he leaves early, for "he is dying for a pipe and a drop of beer."

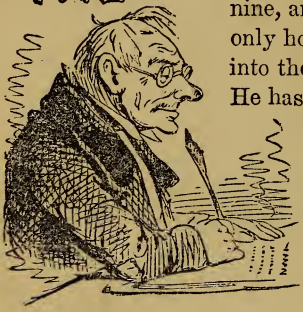
In his appearance he selects the gayest fast colours, and the more the merrier. His shirt is curiously illuminated with pink ballet-girls. He has the winner of the Derby in his pocket-handkerchief. His boots are very delicate, only keeping body and sole together with the aid of large mother-of-pearl buttons. He revels in a white hat. His trousers are of the chess-board pattern. His shirt-pin is an Enormous Gooseberry, that would make the fortune of a penny-a-liner. His coat has a Newmarket expression, of the very deepest green. He is above gloves, but encourages a glass, suspended by some magic process in his left eye.

His accomplishments are various. He carries in his waistcoat pocket the stump of a clay pipe, the bowl of which is quite black. He can walk along the parapet of Waterloo Bridge. He can sleep in the station-house upon an emergency. He can slide, skate, and box a little, and play the French horn. He can win a game of billiards, and give you twenty. He is "up

to a dodge or two" at cards. He can imitate all the actors, and a brick falling down the chimney. He can fry a pancake in his hat, and light a cigar at a lamp-post. He can manage a pair of sculls, and tool a tandem through Smithfield Market. He can talk slang with a novelist, and "chaff an 'University Man' off his legs." He can also "do a bill," and many other things, as well as persons, that ought not to be done. He is proficient in all the gentish graces of life, and knows "a small wrinkle or two" of everything. High life, low life, gambling life, sporting life, fashionable life, every hind of life he is intimately acquainted with, particularly fast life. This consists in his beginning the day six hours after every body else, and finishing it six hours later. It implies the knowledge, on his part, of the Polka, with certain embellishments, and a constant attendance at Casinos, and other places where that knowledge can be displayed. It involves, also, a course of theatres, sporting-houses, masquerades, singing-taverns, cigar-shops, cider-cellars, and early coffee houses. To all of these the Model Fast Man is an accomplished guide. He condemns everything as *slow* that does not keep pace with the rapidity with which he runs, or rather gallops, through life; and he annihilates everybody as slow who presumes to live like a rational creature. All books are slow—Shakspere is slow—all domestic, all quiet enjoyments are slow. The country is very slow, and so are sisters. He even calls the railway slow. His great impulse is, "Fast bind, fast find," and he sighs that society is

not bound by the same fast law. He is without shame, as he is without gentlemanly feeling. He is familiar with servants, is very facetious with conductors, calls policemen by their letters, jokes with waiters, and does not care how he insults an inferior. Impudence, to him, is fun—brutality, the excess of refinement—giving pain his most exquisite enjoyment. His highest notion of humour is saying to everything, "I believe you, my bo-o-o-o-y." In the morning—that is, the afternoon—he is feverish ; in the evening—that is to say, four o'clock in the morning—he is what he calls "fresh." His first call is for soda-water, his last for brandy. Such is the great beginning, and such the grand end, of the existence of the MODEL FAST MAN.

MODEL CLERKS.



THE LAWYER'S CLERK enters the office at nine, and leaves at eight. His only holiday is when he is sent into the country to serve a writ. He has a "fine bold hand," and can "fair copy" two brief sheets an hour. He does not throw up his salary because he is too proud to engross skins of parchment; on the contrary, he has a pair of false sleeves (like umbrella-cases) for the purpose. He knows exactly the legal price of everything, from a savage assault to a breach of promise of marriage. He is not fond of taxing, and is ready to cry if not allowed his "Letters and Messengers," every Term. His great delight in an action is to "get costs." He then shows the admirable system of "the office," by proving in how short a time a long bill can be made out, sent in, execution served, with the sheriff's sale, if not paid within a fortnight. He has no patience with people who come to beg for time—he is very sorry, he has but one duty to perform. That duty is invariably an appointment with the obsequious John Doe, made by Her Gracious

GOVERNMENT
FIRST CLASS
RAILWAY
MODEL CLERKS

Majesty at the Court of Exchequer, or some other place of amusement. He does not read novels during office-hours, nor roast chesnuts, nor apples, nor act plays, nor toss for beer, nor learn "The Wolf," or any song, comic or dreary, when "the Governor" is out. His soul is in his master's pocket, and he always appeals, or has a rejoinder ready, or a new bill on the file, if the client can only afford it. His cry, like Demosthenes', is always "Action, action, action," and in his opinion the best reward a good action can have is a Chancery suit. He is cautious as he is zealous—keeps a copy of every letter, almost dislikes saying, "How d'ye do" without a witness, has a horror of giving promises on paper, and always tries to inflate 6*s*. 8*d*. into the dimensions of 13*s*. 4*d*. He would blush to take any of the office paper home with him. He understands perfectly when a client has called to complain of delay; in which case, "Mr. Hookham has always just stepped out—he believes it is to move in your very suit." He takes but half-an-hour for his dinner, and only allows himself ten minutes for his tea. When he serves you with a writ, he hopes "you will not be offended—it is his most painful duty." The same with a distress; he throws a cloak of politeness over every step that gradually leads a man from a lawyer's office to the Queen's Bench. By half-starving, the strongest self-denial, little agencies from friends he has recommended to the office, and the Christmas Boxes of a long range of years, he saves a hundred pounds, and, working upon half salary

in lieu of a premium, gets articled to his master. However, the County Courts have beggared a fine profession, and Lord Brougham has so cut down the profits of the Law to barely a herring a-day, that he is obliged to come back and occupy the same stool he has grown grey upon during his clerkhood. He buries all ambition in his "pad," takes to copying after office hours, in order to gain a few pounds, when his fingers will no longer be able to hold a pen, and ultimately resigns his desk to some young man, who, like himself, with a strong constitution, and probably a generous heart, sells himself to lose both, for the matter of eighteen shillings (and "a rise") as a Lawyer's Clerk.

The RAILWAY CLERK dresses smartly. He is a friend of a Director, or a cousin of a large Shareholder. Business with him is quite a secondary consideration. He opens his little trap-door five minutes before the train, and closes it the minute the clock has struck. He will take your money if you want a ticket, but mind, he is not answerable for any mistake. He has no time to count change, or answer questions about trains, or attend to stupid people who come inquiring about the persons who are killed by yesterday's accident. It is not his business. He cannot attend to every one at once, and he runs his diamond fingers through his rich, Macassared hair. It's really no fault of his if you lose the train—you ought to have come sooner; and then he whips off, with a very pretty penknife, a

sharp corner that pains the symmetry of one of his filbert nails. What should he know about dogs?—you had better inquire at the luggage train. You can write to the newspapers by all means, if you like: the newspapers don't pay him. The parcels are not in his department—the porters perhaps can tell. He is very sorry he has no change for a five pound note—he has no doubt you can get it round the corner. He yawns all the morning—his eyes are only half open at eight o'clock, and his white waistcoat betrays his dreadful impatience to get to the Opera, as the time draws slowly towards the mail train. What he does between the dreary intervals, as we cannot peep over the walls of mahogany into the small circle of his duties, we cannot tell. On a Sunday, however, his usual amiability deserts him. His cambric shirt is beautifully smooth, but his temper is sadly ruffled. The excursions upset him. The number of absurd questions annoy him. He wonders how people can be so foolish, and at last makes a resolution not to answer any more inquiries; and the Railway Clerk knows his own dignity too well not to keep it. He becomes as silent as a Government Surveyor's Report over a "Dreadful collision." He only stares; but occasionally troubles himself to the utmost of his abilities to give a nod that may express "Yes" or "No," just as the person pleases. Beyond this, the Railway Clerk is as obliging as most Clerks, and he has this advantage, that he is very good-looking, and after coming out of an omnibus on a wet day, is quite pleasant to look at. In the heat

of summer he looks cool—in the depths of winter he always appears warm and comfortable. He is really a pattern of politeness to ladies, and smiles most condescendingly to pretty girls, displaying his gallantry and white teeth in a thousand little ways. He was evidently intended by Nature as an ornament to a tea-party, or born to grace a pic-nic. The only pity is, that his friends ever made him a Railway Clerk.

The GOVERNMENT CLERK is the most refined specimen. He has grown so mild by practice, that he never loses his temper. He knows his station better than to argue, or dispute, or contradict, or differ in opinion with any one. He has a sovereign remedy that protects him from all complaints, mild or virulent, and that is, deafness. Do what he will, he cannot hear. It is a great impediment that has often been tried, but never been cured. You must speak two or three times, and very loudly, too, before you can make him hear a single word. He has then a very indistinct notion of what you want, and must read the account of last night's farce deliberately through, and look at himself in the glass, before he can arrive to a perfect comprehension that you are in want of anything. "Oh! yes; he recollects, you wish to pay the legacy duty on the will of Mrs. Trinkumkolee, who died in the State of Nincompoopoo, in the year—he is very sorry to have kept you waiting." It is in fact in the art of putting a person off that the Government Clerk is especially

clever. He does this so politely, that though offended you are yet afraid to give explosion to your anger. "He will be with you in one instant; and he retires with a new coat into the next room to give audience to one of his tailors. "He shall be happy to attend upon you directly;" and he finishes to his fellow-clerks a most curious incident that occurred to him last night at the Polish Ball. "Will you be kind enough to take a chair?" whilst he perfects a Sweep for the next St. Leger. You cannot possibly be rude with one who is so polite. At three o'clock he locks his desk, and commences his toilet. After that hour every one is most blandly requested to take the trouble to call again the following day. At four o'clock, as soon as the quarter before it strikes, he is to be seen on the water, or in Hyde Park, or on the top of an omnibus, so neatly attired, you never would suspect he had been doing a hard day's business. In fact, who can tell the papers he has diligently read, or the tender notes he has beautifully written; or the happy bits of literature he has knocked off for *Punch*, or *Blackwood's Magazine*; or the heaps of "Don't love" and "Do love," he has swept together for gorgeous illuminated songs, if Balfe only likes to have them; or the quires of paper he has richly cartooned; or the endless quills he has cut into tooth-picks, or the countless variety of things, all requiring time, and some degree of ability, that a Government Clerk is expected to do when he gives his presence to his ungrateful country, from the very early hour of

ten in the morning to as late an hour as four in the afternoon. Sometimes, also, he is a dramatic author, that is to say, he translates French pieces, and it cannot be pleasant to be interrupted in the middle of a most impassioned scene, between a countess and a sentimental barber's boy, merely to give a stupid date, or to hand over the office copy of some dreary document. Hasn't he to keep himself clean too, all the while? for, call when you will, you always find the poor fellow busily employed in washing his hands, or combing his hair, or dusting his boots, or mending his nails. Before we laugh, we should really pause to consider whether there is any one who could do as many things so well in the same short space of time, as the Government Clerk.*

THE BANKER'S CLERK is born to a high stool. He is taught vulgar fractions, patience, and morals, in a suburban school. At fourteen he shoulders the office-quill. He copies letters from morning till night, but has no salary. He is to be "remembered at Christmas." He is out in all weathers. At twenty he is impervious to rain, snow, and sunshine. At last he gets £40 per annum. Out of that revenue he pays £5 a-

* CAUTION.—The above specimen refers only to the highest grade of Government Clerks—the fine gentlemen who get stupendous salaries for doing nothing, and make a favour of doing that. The poor sub-ordinates do work, and get almost nothing for it. Promotion is hopeless without patronage—the best talent of little avail, unless you have some one with a title to make it evident for you. If you wish to bury your son alive, get him a situation in a Government Office.

year to the "Guarantee Fund." He walks five miles to business, and five miles home. He never stirs out without his umbrella. He never exceeds twenty minutes for his dinner. He drinks water; "beer gets into his head." He has three holidays a-year—Christmas Day and Good Friday being two of them—and then walks to the office and back again to pass away the time. He runs about all day with a big chain round his waist, and a gouty bill-book in his breast-pocket. He marries, and asks for an increase of salary. He is told "the house can do without him." He reviews every day a long army of ledgers, and has to "write up" the customer's books before he leaves. He reaches home at nine o'clock, and falls asleep over the yesterday's paper, borrowed from the public-house. He reaches £80 a-year. He fancies his fortune is made; but small boots and shoes, and large school bills, stop him on the high road to independence, and bring him nearer to Levi than Rothschild. He tries to get "evening employment," but his eyes fail him. He grows old, and learns that "the firm never pensions." One morning his stool is unoccupied, and a subscription is made amongst his old companions to pay the expenses of his funeral. So much for clerkship!

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.

HE Drives no stage-coach. He never broke a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on watermen, or empty flour-bags on chimney-sweeps. He shuns cross-barred trowsers, horticultural scarfs, overgrown pins and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's length of gold chain round it. His linen is not illustrated, but beautifully clean. He never does "a little discounting," nor lend his hand to "flying a kite." His aversion for a Gent is softened by pity. He can look at a lady without the aid of an eye-glass. He allows a performer to talk louder than himself at the Theatre, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row at the Opera. He abhors a lie as he does a sheriff's officer. He is not prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the stables, and never puts his lips

through a dreary fashionable course of lisping. He is not too proud to walk, or to carry an umbrella if it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means, and is not fond of playing high at cards. He never ruined a young man—to say nothing worse. He bows scrupulously, even to a crossing-sweeper. He never shrinks from an I. O. U., nor is afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of memory at the sight of an old friend, whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He has never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel, giving satisfaction always in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration for valuable introductions. His horses, too, are his own, and not purchased of his friends by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard-rooms, nor is he seen at Casinos. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love-letters in his desk, rarely disclosing either to his most intimate friends. He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, nor cut a man because his father was in trade. He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hang on the skirts of the aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained it may be. He travels to enjoy himself, and does not attempt to crush poor foreigners with English gold or pride. He values a thing, not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer if he is thirsty. He does not think it essential to his

reputation to keep late hours, to pull down sign-boards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers, during the night. He has no such violent love for door-knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not facetious with waiters, or given to knock down a cab-man by way of settling a fare. He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or of handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He likes quiet, but does not hate children, and thinks a seat in the House of Commons not worth the bribery and continual riot. He was never the hero of any wager, riding, running, racing, rowing, eating, or swimming, and does not know a single prize-fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not instal himself at the Opera every night, because it is fashionable. He follows the races; but goes down without a dog-cart and a key bugle. He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired in his jewellery, and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know or care about. He lends money; and, if he borrows any, he makes a strange practice of returning it. He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid in rushing into a quarrel, of husband and wife especially. He is a favourite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch in his politeness, or too much sugar in his compliments. In matters of scandal he is dumb, if not exactly deaf, and in the rumours,

he only believes half (the kinder half, too) of what he hears. He is not prejudiced himself, but has a kind toleration for the prejudices of others. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of anybody, or to injure a living creature. All his actions, all his sentiments, are shaped to that noble end; and he dies, as he lives, *sans peur et sans reproche.* His great creed is to do unto others as he would wish others to do unto him. This is the MODEL GENTLEMAN.

Ni con pluma. Ni con pinzel.
Cest vainement que lon presume,
Déqaler ce divin sujet;
Puis qu'il nést ny pinceau ny plume,
Qui puisse en exprimer un trait.

[This engraving is copied from a rare old work, published at Paris in 1647, called "*La Galerie des Femmes Fortes*, par le Pierre le Moyne, de la Compagnie de Jesus."]

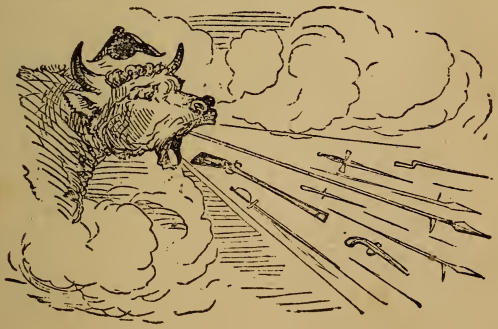
A MODEL IRISH SPEAKER.

HOW have been treated for the last ten thousand years by the cold-blooded Saxon? My hair stands on end to tell you. (*Cheers.*) Hasn't England so managed matters in her own favour that she receives the light of the sun two-and-twenty minutes before she permits a single ray to come to us? (*A voice; "It's true!"*) England may boast of her own enlightenment; but is this justice to Ireland? (*Tremendous Cries of "No! No!"*) I have next to accuse England of keeping aloof from us fully sixty miles at the nearest point. Talk of our Union after that! (*Vociferous cheering, which lasted several hours.*) No, my countrymen, it is only a parchment Union, a lying thing, made of the skin of the innocent sheep; but before we go to bed this night we'll see that bit of parchment torn into countless strips, so

that every tailor in Ireland shall have, to-morrow morning, a remnant of it in his hands, to measure twelve millions of happy Irishmen with. (*At this point the proceedings were interrupted by six persons being carried out of the room who had fainted. They are supposed to be tailors.*) Well, sir, I denounce from this place the atrocious cupidity of England, by which she monopolises the tin mines entirely, almost all the iron and coal, and thus cramps, sir, our native industry and commerce. Why has not Ireland her own iron and coal? (*Cries of "Why not?"*) I ask, again, why have we no tin? (*"Shame! Shame!"*) and no brass? no zinc? no salmon? no elephants? no periwinkles? no king? (*Immense cheering, during which the honourable speaker sat down and slept for a quarter of an hour, and then continued.*) Oh! my beloved countrymen, I have had a most beautiful vision. I thought I saw every field of Ireland covered with dancing corn, and embroidered with the most beautiful sheep, whose wool was more exquisite than all the Berlin wool that was ever made in England (*Cheers*); and I thought, my countrymen, its rivers were filled with more salmon and more periwinkles than ever carolled on the muddy Saxon shore (*Cheers*); and I thought, my countrymen, that on the brow of every other hill the mighty elephant was reposing under the peaceful shade of the shamrock (*more cheers*); and again, I thought the corner of each field was filled with more iron, and tin, and brass than would suffice to build a railway from here to the bottom of Eng-

land's perdition (*Laughter and Cheers*); and I thought —may the beautiful vision be never effaced from the iris of my weeping eyes!—that there were no dark clouds such as now lour o'er our bright country, but that the whole scene, so intensely Irish, was illumined as if with a resplendent sun, with our own gas. (*Enthusiastic shouts, the echoes of which have not yet subsided in the neighbourhood of the Castle.*) Oh! oh! when will this vision be realised? When shall we see the poor Irishman—the finest peasant of the world—boiling his potato? Ah! the plundering Saxon cannot wring *that* from us; though no thanks to the monster for the blight—(*Shame*)—boiling his potato, I say, with his own coal, in a pot made of his own iron, and eat it on a plate made of his own pewter, with a knife bought with his own tin. Never! never! until the Repeal is carried. (*Three cheers for Repale.*) Do you think you 'll ever have it? ("*We will; we will.*") Believe me, in all sincerity, you never will, until you pull up the lamp-posts and make bayonets of them, and have wrenched off every knocker and bell pull, and melted them into bullets and cannon-balls, (*Cheers.*) I know I am talking sedition; but I dare them to come and tear the shoestrings out my boots, before I unsay a single word of what I have said. (*Frantic applause.*) They dare not prosecute me if they would; for then College Green would be crowded with Irish kings. (*Cheers.*) The British oak would be supplanted with the four-leaved shamrock of Ireland. (*Cheers.*) The Queen of England

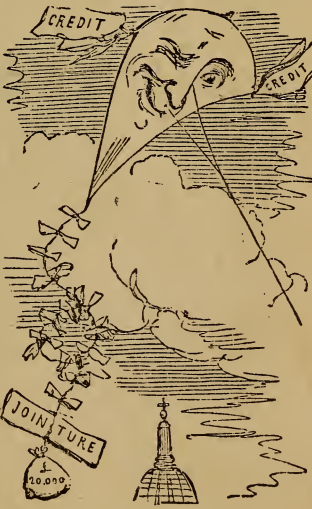
would be an Irishwoman—(*Cheers*)—and I should die happy in the thought that the majestic tree of Repeal had been watered with my blood, and blossomed, and borne such golden fruit, that unborn nations, far from beyond the poles, were coming on their knees to taste them. (*It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which broke out when the Hon. Gentleman resumed his seat on the ledge of the window. As many as had hats, threw them into the air; those who had coats, took them off, and dragged them along the ground; whilst a few of the hardiest natives were observed to bury their faces in their coat-tails, and weep audibly. The cheering was kept up till a very late hour, and the meeting broke up a little before daylight, after giving ninety-nine cheers, and a little one in, "for the blessed cause of Repale."*)



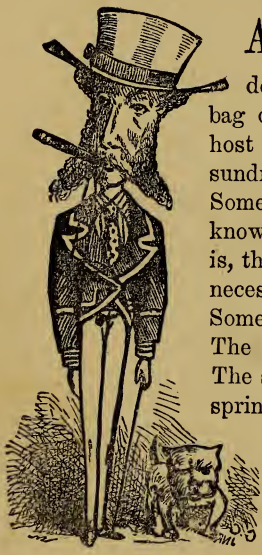
THE MODEL BANKER.

HE IS educated at Eton, and makes love to lords. They borrow his money, and laugh at him, as "a toady." He enters the banking-house at twenty-one, and looks upon the clerks as servants—as breathing copying machines. He belongs to all sorts of clubs. He is a great authority upon wines, horses, and women. He keeps his yacht, and never stops in town after the Opera. He walks through the City as if it belonged to him. He is great in jewellery, and very particular about his riding whips. He wears in winter white cords and buckskin gloves, and subscribes to the nearest "hounds." His wristbands show an inch and a half. He marries a baronet's daughter, and talks nothing but the Blue Book ever afterwards He has a house in Belgravia, and a seat in the North. He has noisy luncheons in the "parlour." His dinners.

elicit a little paragraph of praise from the *Morning Post*. His name, too, is generally amongst the "fashionables whom we observed last night at Her Majesty's Theatre." He has always a particular engagement at the West-end at two, at which hour his bay cob invariably calls for him. His printed charities are very extensive — one sum always for himself, another for the Co. He is very nervous during panics, and when there is a run upon the bank, it is always owing to "the pressure of the times." He pays his creditors half-a-crown in the pound, and lives on the £3,000 a-year "settled on his wife." We never knew a Model Banker fall yet, that his fall was not agreeably softened by a snug little property "settled upon his wife." From this we infer that the Model Banker is a most rigid cultivator of the matrimonial virtues, and if he forgets occasionally what he owes to himself and to others he remembers to a nicety what is due to his wife. It is only the system of Double Entry applied to Banking.



THE MODEL SPONGE.



AS the dinner-hour strikes, the Sponge knocks at the door. Sometimes he brings a bag of filberts with him. The host thanks him, and produces sundry bottles of his best port. Sometimes he sends a hare. He knows that the first rule of society is, that whoever sends a hare is necessarily invited to dinner. Sometimes a box for the play. The result is always the same. The sponge knows all the secret springs of the heart and the stomach (they too frequently lodge together), which, ever so slightly touched upon, draw out a gratuitous dinner. His conversation, too, is got up as neatly as himself. His fronts are richer than those of Regent Street. His jokes, also, are beautifully dressed. His scandal (for the ladies) is always of the newest cut,

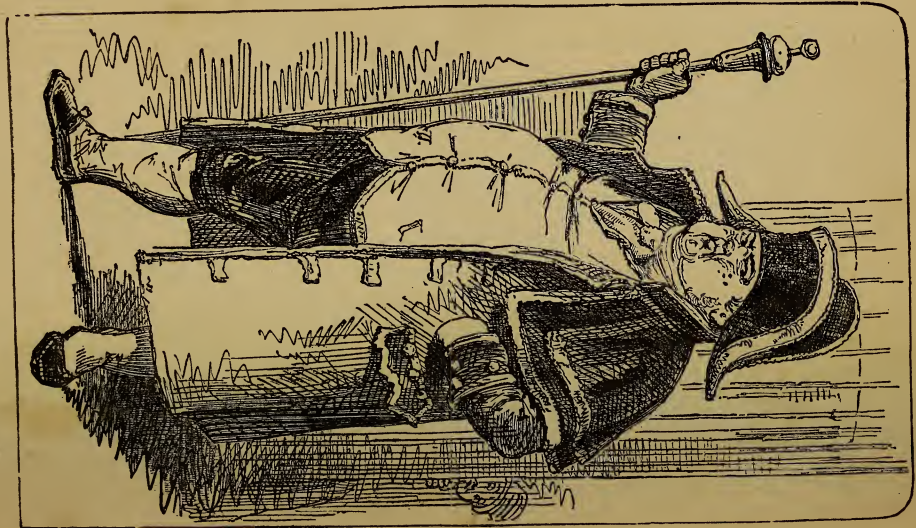
and his anecdotes fit as if they had been measured expressly for the company. He leaves early. He has a tea in the neighbourhood—a dear friend who is ill. He does not stop long, however, for he recollects he knows a hot supper just close by. He carves—his manœuvres with the knife and fork exercise, in fact, are perfect—helps everybody to a nicety, and does not forget the old proverb which says, that he who wishes to be helped in this world must, first of all, help himself—so he keeps the liver wing for himself. He goes home with a stranger, and breakfasts with him. He remembers, however, about two o'clock, that he has business in the City. His visit occurs, curiously enough, just at luncheon time. He is invited "to pick a bone," and devours a chicken. "The air of the City is so bracing." His appetite is most accommodating. Its range seems to exceed even that of Soyer's kitchen at the Reform Club. He likes everything. Cold meat does not daunt him. A large family does not terrify him. Saturday, however, is the day of the week he likes the least. It is the day of hashes, of make-shifts, of pickles, bread-pudding, and liver and bacon. Sunday is his grand day, but he gives the preference of his society to those houses which do not involve a walk, or a cab, or an omnibus home. At his own house he is—but here we must drop the Sponge, for we would not go home with him for any price. We cannot fancy a Sponge sponging upon himself; the sight would be awful. To be properly appreciated, the Sponge must be seen at other persons' tables. He

fattens the best in town. The country offers too large a field for his exploits, which, unless he keeps a horse. he cannot possibly get over, or bag more than one meal a day. He is the gentleman-greengrocer who attends dinners, and waits at evening-parties without the fee.

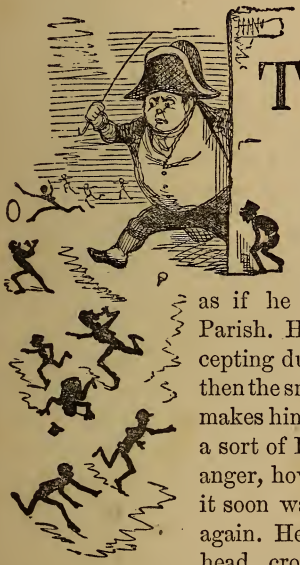
THE MODEL LODGER.

HE is a quiet gentleman. A smile is permanently settled on his clean face. He wipes his boots on the mat before he walks up-stairs. He pays a high rent, and has few friends. He leaves his drawers open. He has a cellar of coals in at a time. He takes in a newspaper, and is not in a hurry for it in the morning. He is never out later than ten. He shaves with cold water. He never adds up a bill. He is fond of children. He likes to buy them sweetmeats, and to take one occasionally to the theatre. He never has supper. He never dines at home, excepting on a Sunday, and that rarely. The landlady orders then his dinner: it is generally a very large joint, with plenty of vegetables, a very large pie, and a very large slice of cheese. He never inquires for the joint, or the pie, or anything, the next day. He lends his

books cheerfully. He is in doubt about the exact number of his shirts. He rarely rings the bell. He pays for extras without a murmur. Rather likes music. Does not object to a flute and piano playing different tunes at the same time. He is not particular about his letters being opened. He can eat a cold dinner without salt, pepper, or mustard. He believes in "the cat." He knows nothing will "keep" in warm weather. He keeps a tea-caddy, but has lost the key. He never has his bed warmed. He is never in arrear with his rent: if it is not paid the very day it becomes due, the reason is because he has paid it the day before. The Model Lodger is single, but without friends, with very few knocks at the door; no Irish acquaintances; does not know one medical student He is sheepish, rich, and contented.



THE MODEL BEADLE.



THE Model Beadle's strut is slow and majestic, like a peacock's. You rarely see him running, excepting when there is a very flagrant case of "owdacious wagabonds." He is large, as if he lived on the fat of the Parish. He is good-tempered, excepting during divine service, and then the smallest breach of etiquette makes him suddenly break out with a sort of Beadle-rash all over. His anger, however, is like his cane: if it soon waxes warm, it soon cools again. He wipes his steaming forehead, crosses his legs, and is at peace once more with all the world.

The Model Beadle always looks contemplative. He seems as if his thoughts were fasting upon his dinner, or his muffins, or the bit of tripe that is waiting for him at home. His face is a rich larder of content. His lips are apparently imbued with a perpetual motion of eating and drinking. His eyes shine as with the

lustre of soup. His cheeks are swollen like beefsteak puddings, as if they were the unctuous tombs of many rich things. His nose is a small station, buried between two high embankments of fat. How happy he looks! He seems as if he had been born great, instead of having greatness only thrust upon him. You imagine he came into the world a Beadle, like Minerva, ready armed, with cocked hat and highlows, and that he cut his teeth with a Beadle's staff.

Yet he is tender as he is great, like a prize ox. He conducts a donkey to the pound with the same gentleness that he holds a baby at the font. He will give away a bride, or stand godfather, merely for the asking. He is not proud, though he may look it. He will hold a silver plate at a charity sermon, and put on a pair of Berlin gloves for the occasion. He will take a shilling, too, just as readily as the pew-opener. He is fond of sleep, but can keep his eyes open during an entire sermon—if it is the Bishop's. He is rarely upset. excepting by a bit of orange-peel, when his greatness feels the fall most heavily. But the flies annoy him the most in summer. On a hot day they sting him almost to madness. He rolls about on his seat as uneasy as a Frenchman on a steam-packet. He raises his mighty hand against them—the blow falls on his massive forehead, and resounds again, like hail against a window. His face vies in burning crimson with his cape; but does a single murmer escape his lips? No!—he forgives, and builds himself up against a pillar for another snooze; till a big bluebottle drives

him into the churchyard for fresh air; and there the invigorating sight of boys playing at leapfrog on a Sunday soon wakes him up, and the Beadle feels himself again.

HISTORICAL CARTOON, DISCOVERED ON THE WALLS OF A METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

The Model Beadle does not make himself too cheap. He knows his sphere, and like a gold fish (that pictorial model of himself—vermilion turned up with gold) in a bowl, he has the sense to keep within it. He has the tenacity of ivy for the church. If he is not standing under the portico, basking in the sun, his legs astride like a full-dress Colossus, he is cooling himself in one of the free seats;—if not in the vestry, tasting the wine, he is meditating amongst the tombs

His reading takes in an extensive range of epitaphs. He wanders through a maze of granite virtues, and thinks in his heart the world is peopled, like a churchyard, with nothing but affectionate wives, deeply-lamented husbands, and inconsolable widows; but is rather puzzled to think how folks can be so happy, since every one dies "universally regretted."

The Beadle's amusements are limited. His notions of the funny are evidently buried in the grave. He is too dignified to laugh. As for dancing—you might as well expect St. Paul's to do the egg-hornpipe. He lives by himself, within himself, for himself. He passes Punch and Judy without a pause, without a smile. Jack-in-the-Green makes him move down another street. Guy Faux is to him only a blaze of nonsense, though he looks more warmly upon that than anything else—for he has a suspicion that it is an institution in some way connected with the church. The Beadle in the drama of Punch in his horror; and he would certainly take him into custody, with the show, drum, pandean-pipes, and all, if he only dared. The Beadle may be the source of fun to others, but he has no appreciation of fun himself. Who ever saw a Beadle at a theatre? But he smiles, sometimes, when there is a christening of twins.

He is not gregarious either. He is rarely seen with other Beadles. The sight of two Beadles would create astonishment—three together would cause a crowd. He mostly walks by himself, as if no one ought to divide the pavement with him.

Watch him at the head of a charity procession—or at a charity dinner—or when he is beating the bounds—or on a board day—or on any grand or festive occasion—you will see he generally keeps himself to himself. Omnibusses, steamboats, or tea-gardens, rarely see him inside. It is the curse of Greatness to have no friends. The only occasion he mixes with human beings is on a "Dreadful conflagration." He puts himself then, without pride, at the head of the parish engine. He encourages the boys—he whips himself into a small canter—he stands out all the larger before a fire. He lights up with the flames. His consequence seems to expand, and his cocked hat to grow bigger, as the little regiment of ragamuffins (with whom, on any other occasion, he would not march through Coventry Court) joyfully cry, "Hoorah!" Napoleon crossing the Bridge of Lodi was not more sublime than he is running up the door-steps to call upon the inhabitants within to surrender, or else they will be burnt to the ground.—By-the-by, has it ever been remarked that the costume of the Beadle is not at all unlike that of the Emperor? The same cocked-hat exactly—the same coat and cape precisely. The parallel between the two might be carried further; but we are sure the Beadle would not like it.

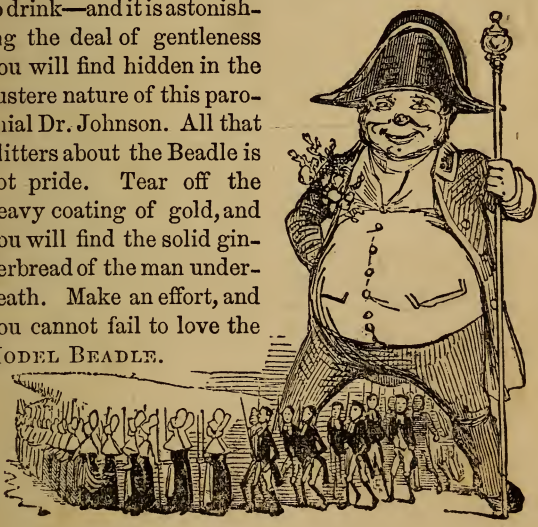
The Model Beadle loves a nosegay. He has a proud affection for his gold-lace, and keeps it as bright as his staff. Every one of his large buttons, too, is a mirror to shave in. His calves, somehow, always keep clean. Another of his peculiarities is the

wiry straightness of his hair. Another oddity lurks in his eye—for it divides with Irish guns the faculty of shooting round the corner. It can scowl at a charity-boy two streets off. There is a doll-like cleanliness about him. His face shines like wax—no bit of straw, no stain, no speck of dirt, ever disfigures his purple face or fine linen. The dust, even, seems to respect him. He is so neat, you fancy he has just been taken out of a bandbox—though it must have been rather a large one to have contained him.

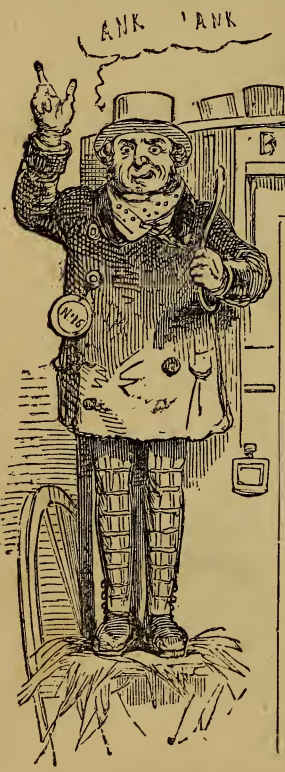
He hates boys—charity-boys especially; but does not allow his anger to carry him away too far. He generally stops when he has lost his breath. This is the reason probably that the boys who are caught suffer for those who are not caught. It is false that he eats the oranges and apples he takes from them—he gives them to his children; for the Beadle has a wife at home, who smoothes his ruffled brow, and irons his rumpled handkerchief, after the scuffles and the heats of the feverish day. He buries under his pillow all the stones and slights which his order has long received as a patrimony from the hands of Society; and on his virtuous bed is wafted to the happy land of dreams—But stop, does the Beadle ever go to bed? It is so hard to imagine a Beadle without his clothes. He must sleep in his cocked hat.

Model Reader, do not despise the Beadle. For centuries he has been subjected to persecutions. Every Boy's hand is raised against him—every Man's nose is turned up at him. It is time the Beadle's Disabilities

were repealed, and the Pariah of the Parish was pressed to every one's bosom as a Man and a Brother. Be kind to him—listen to his poetry at Christmas, and give him half-a-crown. Do not invariably snub him when he serves you with a summons;—offer him a trifle at Easter, when he collects the offerings;—go up and exchange a few words with him when you meet him;—ask him occasionally what he will have to drink—and it is astonishing the deal of gentleness you will find hidden in the austere nature of this parochial Dr. Johnson. All that glitters about the Beadle is not pride. Tear off the heavy coating of gold, and you will find the solid gingerbread of the man underneath. Make an effort, and you cannot fail to love the MODEL BEADLE.



THE MODEL OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.



AN old cynic will say "Pooh! the race is extremely rare—just as rare as a race between two 'busses is frequent." Yet, there is such a being! He gets to the Bank quicker than you can walk it. He wears worsted gloves, but no holes in the tips. He is acquainted with the difference between Kennington and Kensington. He does not put old ladies into the 'bus first, and inquire where they are going to afterwards. He can stop at a "public" on the roadside without having a pipe and a game of billiards. He keeps a good supply of coppers, and when he does give change

for a sovereign there is not a bad sixpence in it. He respects the slender frames of bandboxes, and does not turn birdcages upside down. He hands in a dog or a baby without pinching either. He does not mind taking a gentleman's umbrella outside, and holding it over himself if it is very wet. He does not smoke in broad daylight, nor drink before dinner. He lets an old gentleman get off the steps before he says "All right." He allows no butcher boys to jump up behind. He uses the manual telegraph but slightly He never dances on his footboard, excepting it is the double shuffle in cold weather, to keep his feet warm. The only thing that tempts him off his bracket is a good slide in winter He does not know every housemaid that is making beds or cleaning windows along the road; can pass a hearse without telling the driver to "look alive;" nor is he particular in inquiring of every cabman with a white hat, whether he was the identical individual "vot stole the donkey?" He allows a lady an unlimited number of bundles and babies; and, if it is raining cats and dogs (or mutton pies, as he calls it), de does not object—if the passengers do not—to a washerwoman taking her basket inside. He can only count up to eighteen; all beyond that number he puts down, or else carries over to the next 'bus. He is only Minister of the Interior. The Exterior, viz., the box seat, is to him quite a Foreign Department, of which the driver only has the reins. But the roof of an omnibus is, like the deck of a steamer, built to hold any number, so he always has room for

one outside. He is exceedingly gallant, and is always asking, "if any gentleman minds going on the roof, just to oblige a lady." His badge is so bright it shines like a medal of good conduct. He wears it proudly on his breast, like a lady's locket. He is free from that other badge of his order—imposition. If the price is threepence, he does not take you a kerb-stone further to space it into sixpence. He does not extort a shilling under the mean pretext that it is Sunday. He is sparing in his dialogue with "Bill" (all drivers' names are Bill) touching what he did last night at the "Heagle." He is too gentlemanly to pull a lady's boa to pieces, or to struggle for half a shawl; but if he is contending with a refractory rival for the possession of a fare, his great *coup de main* always is to run off with the baby and put it inside his 'bus, and gallop on. The result invariably proves his elegant prediction—"that it must be a precious bad cow that will not follow its calf," for the next moment there is an agonizing cry of "Stop" and sure enough it is the panting mother shouting to the conductor, like the witches in Macbeth, "Hail! all hail!" This only proves his love for children. You seldom see him peeling a hot potato on his pedestal, though it is a luxury he is very fond of, as proved by his never reaching the end of a journey without tossing for one. He is above fear, and only laughs when a 'bus behind tries to stir him up with its long pole. He does not climb on to the roof when a big black bull sniffs the straw on which he is standing. He is above cruelty, and jumps as quick

as a lightning conductor to help an old woman whose apple-stall has been knocked over by "too close a shave" of the wheel. He knows his station, and holds discourse with no smart cook that is sitting next the door, and was never known to lie down on the plush cushions, excepting it was the last 'bus home, and it was pitch dark, and there was not a "Hangel," or a "Goat in Boots" left inside.

Such is the Model Omnibus Conductor—without paint, without varnish, without "chaff," that ill-grained commodity which his fellow badgers generally "sow broadcast" through the streets of London. He knows perfectly well that where there is chaff there must be thrashing, and, as he is not anxious to bring this about his ears, he leaves those green fields to be taken up with the "rigs" of others. Such is his lofty career—he shuts his door against no man—his hand is held out to the richest and the poorest. If you have dropped a sixpence in the straw, he will bring a light and look for it. If you are wise, you will take his number, for you may spend a whole fortune in omnibusses before you will meet with another MODEL OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR!

A SMALL GROUP OF MODELS.

THE MODEL PET PARSON has the most beautiful black hair, and the prettiest loves of whiskers. He attends tea and whist parties, and preaches in canary-coloured kid gloves, with the most dazzling diamond outside his little finger. He has the smallest fashionable lisp in the world. He is highly eau-de-Cologned. His handkerchief is of the purest cambric—a perfect cobweb, edged with lace. He is never without a "nervous headache." He is very delicate, poor fellow! He lives on cold chicken and white wine whey. He rides to church in a lady's carriage. He is supported by the voluntary contributions of the young ladies of the neighbourhood, and has embroidered braces sufficient to stock the whole of the Highlands. Hassocks, too, book-marks and covers, orange marmalade, calf's-foot jelly, grapes, game, tea-cakes, and sweet-breads, of all varieties, are left "for his kind acceptance" every day. He collects pennies for converted washerwomen. He and the Duke of Wellington have married more "lovely brides" than the whole Church. His dress is profound black,

relieved with liberal wristbands, and a shirt-front that sticks out like the paper ornament of a fire-grate. When he gets preferment to a more fashionable church, a magnificent silver teapot is presented to him by the ladies, with a beautiful purse full of new sovereigns. With the purity of his white neckcloth, the Pet Parson is sure of a rich wife, and innumerable legacies.

THE MODEL ACTOR speaks the words of Shakespere in preference to his own. He is free from the theatrical superstition that genius is found at the bottom of a brandy bottle. He estimates talent at a higher measurement than the letters in the play-bills. He is not inflated with the belief that he ought to act *Macbeth* every night. In going through his lines he in not continually falling over a "Ha-ha!" nor does he embroider all his sentences with a running "Hem!" He does not appeal to the "skey," or his "kynd" friends. He refuses to appear in low neck, bare arms, and woman's clothes, thinking that an actor always studies his character best when he is acting the part of a gentleman.

THE MODEL BARRISTER returns his fees, let them be ever so large, when he has not been able to attend to his Brief.

THE MODEL PREMIER.—No such person ever known.

THE MODEL BORE.—You're another.

THE MODEL DONKEY.—He is to be heard of in the House of Commons.

THE MODEL COUSIN.—The Servant's Best Friend.

THE MODEL BEGGAR.—For list of candidates, see the Pension List.

THE MODEL QUACK does not take his own medicine—only writes the testimonials.

THE MODEL HUMBUG—The claims are too numerous to decide.

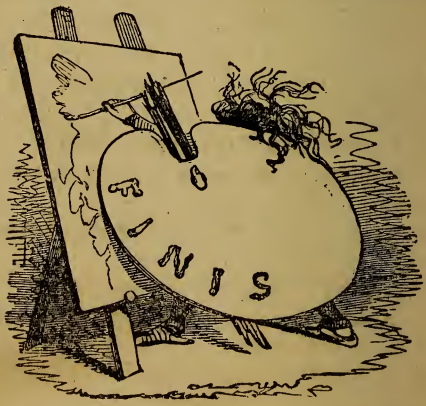
THE MODEL CABMAN keeps his temper if offered an eightpenny fare.

THE MODEL DOCTOR can go to church without being called out in the middle of the service.

THE MODEL MANAGER.—You had better inquire of the Drury Lane Committee; or a shorter cut probably will be to go at once to the Insolvent Debtors' Court. Search till you succeed.

THE MODEL AUTHOR.—Ask the first author you meet, and there cannot be a doubt about it.

THE MODEL PUBLISHER.—*Vide* our title-page.



"His 'prentice han' he tried on Man,
And then he did the Lasses, O!"

OUR MUSEUM OF MODEL WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

	PAGE
Dedication	v
The Model Sister	1
„ Wife	3
„ Mother-in-Law	9
„ Mother	15
„ Spoilt Boy	20

PAGE

The Model Baby 24
" Monthly Nurse 27
" Governess 35
" Daughter 39
" Lodging-house Keeper 43
" Tiger 48
" Fast Lady 51
" Actress 59
" Houses 65
" Genius 67
" Widow 71
" Young Lady 75
" Maid-of-all-Work 81
" Milliner 89

MODEL WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE MODEL SISTER.

THERE is one in every home; the very worst brother that ever refused to take his sisters out walking, must recollect a Model Sister.

It was she who mended all his gloves, and used to practice waltzing with him in the drawing-room, and

.an over "The Maid of Langollen," at least fifty times, before he caught the right air.

It was she who was the confidant of all his boyish loves, and wrote his first attempts at love-letters, and curled his hair, when he wanted to be "very smart."

It was she who always ran and opened the door for him when it was raining, and fetched whatever he wanted out of his bed-room, and always had "some silver" when he was going out, and was positive "she could spare it." These loans occurred pretty often, and yet did she ever allude to them, or get tired of lending? Brothers have short memories—but you know it was a fact.

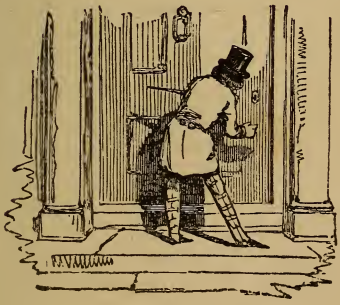
If "papa was angry at your being out so late,' wasn't she in the passage to warn you, and to ask you "how you could be so foolish?" If she was fearful of a disturbance, didn't she wait outside, and rush in, and, with her arms round her father's neck, beg of him "not to speak so harsh to you?" If she knew you had no dinner, wasn't the cloth always laid for you in a private room; whilst, by some means, she got you a glass of wine, and came in and out to see if there was anything you wanted? Again, if you had been "out," and complained of being hungry, didn't she steal down stairs, and, when they were all in bed, smuggle a tray of cold meat into your room, and never forgot the pickles? And if any harsh voice called out loudly, "Who's that up stairs?" didn't she put her hand over your mouth, and call out, "It's only me, papa?"

Besides, who in illness nursed you? Who was it

that brought you up your tea, and gave you your medicine, and would tempt you with delicate puddings, sago, and "such nice water-gruel," and would sit up with you all night, and bathe your temples, and kiss you, and be on her feet if you only turned, and ask you a thousand times if you felt better, and half-crying call you "dear brother"—words, you know, that never sound so touching as in a sick room. More than this, have you no recollection when you were very, very ill, waking up and finding her kneeling at your bedside? You have felt this—you must—every one has—and you have loved her with all your soul, though perhaps you were too weak at the time to say it. She was always kind—always repaying a brother's roughness with a sister's gentleness—and thinking herself more than rewarded if you only walked out with her, or spared an evening, not more than one in the whole year, to take her to the theatre. How grateful she was, too, if you read to her of an evening, whilst she was working—knitting, probably, a beautiful steel purse, the destination of which was only learnt on your next birthday! You have not forgotten either her coming to see you at school, and bringing you large bags of ginger-bread and oranges, and a plum-cake made with her own hands; and her walking with you, hand in hand, round the play-ground, or through the neighbouring fields, making you all the while display, by her affectionate questions, your wonderful store of half-year's learning, whilst mamma listened and admired by your happy side? Who was it, too, that attended to your linen both when you were a boy, and

when you were at that neutral age, vibrating between manhood and childhood, which is called (no one can tell why) hobbedehoyhood; and, when asked, replaced all stray buttons, sewed missing strings on to collars, hemmed your scarfs, was the first to teach you the difficult art of tying your neck handkerchief, trimmed your nails, packed your box when you were going anywhere, and even accompanied you, taking courage from your own cowardice, to the dentist's? Who was the companion of all your romps, and used to pull your sprouting whiskers, and make you quizzical presents of bear's grease, and bring you home all the fine things she had heard the young ladies say about her "darling brother?" Who ever took such pains to make that "darling brother" smart, or admired him more, and danced only with him when she would n't dance with anybody else? And when there was "a little disagreement" at home, and you were hiding in a garret, nursing your pride, which had been hurt by some hard word, or trying to cure your young-man's dignity that had been sadly wounded by an angry blow, who came to see you oftener, bringing you always "a few things that mother had put up for you," and, by her kindness, gradually led you home, where she knew too well your father was only waiting to receive you with open arms? You were angry at the time with the artifice, but soon lost your anger in the depths of your affection, and the quick joy of the reconciliation. Who did all this? You must remember—if ever you had a childhood—your heart tells you it was your sister. If not sen

sible, then,. of all the love which was being daily forced with such mildness on you, you must feel it now, and will turn back with me, and, in your brother's heart, try to thank, as I now thank, with a life's pent-up gratitude, that MODEL SISTER.



THE MODEL WIFE.

SHE never comes down to breakfast in curl-papers. She does not grumble if her husband brings a friend home to dinner, even if "there is nothing in the house." She does not remonstrate if her husband puts his feet on the steel fender, or cry if he does not wipe his boots on the door-mat. She subscribes to no circulating library, and if she reads a novel, she falls asleep over it. She is proficient in pies, and has a deep knowledge of puddings. She never talks politics; or "wish that she were dead," or "a man;" or slam the doors, or shut herself up in her bed-room on the plea of a "nervous headache." She is very slow in tears, and a stout heretic as to hysterics. She allows a dog to be kept in the house. She goes to church, but not to criticise the bonnets. She is not above descending into the kitchen to get "something warm" for supper

She allows a fire in the bed-room on a wintry night. She has a quick eye for dust, but does not martyr her husband with continual complaints about the servants, nor worry herself to death for a man in livery, or a page in buttons. She can walk, and without thin shoes, or a Jeames to follow her. She prefers table-beer to wine, and does not faint at the idea of grog, or in fact, faint at all. She never sees that it is necessary to go out of town "for the dear children's health." It is true she follows the fashions; but then it is at several years' distance. She has the smallest possible affection for jewellery, and makes the sweet children's frocks out of her old dresses. She is never "delicate," and would scorn to send for the doctor because she is "a little low." She never tells her husband when any of her friends have got a new bonnet, or exclaims with enthusiasm that she saw "such a lovely Cachemere in the City yesterday," and then rhapsodise on the small ness of the price. She never opens her husband's letters; and preserves her wedding-gown with a girlish reverence. She is not miserable if she stays in town on the Ascot day, nor does penance in the back parlour if she does not go out of town when the season is over. She mends stockings, and makes unexceptionable preserves and pickles. She does not refuse to go out with her husband because she hasn't a good gown. She asks for money sparingly, and would sooner "eat her head off" than make anything out of the housekeeping. She always dresses for dinner. She never hides the latch-key. She rarely flirts, and it makes her too giddy to waltz, even with an officer.

The Model Wife always sits up for her husband, to the most unmatrimonial hours; and still she does not look black, or say "He's killing her," though he should bring daylight in with him, or even come home with the "milk." She hangs over the little bit of fire, watching the mantelpiece clock, alarmed by every sound, jumping up at every cab, shivering and sleepy, her only companions during the long night the mice in the cupboard, or a stray blackbeetle, and her only occupation the restless fear lest her husband should not come home safe. She cries sometimes, but never before him; and, above all—hear it, all ye Wives of England—she does not Caudle Lecture him when she gets him inside the curtains and knows there is no escape for him!

THE MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW

HE is a tender creature, and requires the nicest care and the hottest luncheons to keep her in good temper. She has only *one* child, a daughter, but she is passionately fond of her. She "only lives to see the dear thing happy"—and everybody else miserable. To insure this, it is necessary to be constantly with her. Accordingly, she "brings her things" some day before dinner, and takes possession of the best bedroom, only to stop for a week. Her weeks, however, never have a Saturday. She has no knowledge of time as measured by the week, month, or year, but is sadly put out if supper is not brought up precisely to the minute. But Julia always required a mother's care. She was very delicate even as a child, and the little thing is far from strong now. She has never left her side for two days together since the hour she was born. Her daughter must not walk.—"Do you hear me, Julia? I will not allow it; the exertion is too much for you, and cabs are cheap enough, goodness knows! You must not exert yourself, child; so give me the keys, and I'll attend to the housekeeping for you."

The shopping is attended to from the same generous motive. The tradesmen soon look up to the Mother-in Law as the mistress of the house, and it is not long before the servants are made to acknowledge her sway, and come to her regularly for orders. The husband is nobody—a creature to give money as it is wanted, and to hold his tongue. If he ventures to remonstrate, he is "killing" her daughter; and as a mother, she is not going to allow the murder of her darling child before her own eyes and not tell him what she thinks about it. He is reminded every day that "he little knows the treasure he possesses in that dear creature;" and if he hints anything about the creature costing him rather dear for a "treasure," he is asked if he calls himself a man? If poor Julia has a headache, the husband is blamed for it. It 's all his doing; he knows it is. Did n't he speak harshly to her at break fast? If the dinner is badly cooked, he must not say a word, for the tears immediately flow, and the mother quickly upbraids him as a wretch who ought to be ashamed of himself for speaking in that way to a suffering woman. If he refuses to go on the continent, "his motive is very clear; but let the crime be upon his own head! She would not have his feelings afterwards for a thousand pounds!" If he grumbles about any extravagant outlay, she is not going to allow her daughter to starve for the consideration of a penny. She tells him *he is killing her;* and if the new curtains are not instantly put up in the drawing-room, she will not answer for the consequences! She should like very much to know what he calls himself?

The Model Mother-in-Law, in her kindest mood, is fearful, but she is most despotic when there has been a settlement made upon her daughter. The domestic tyrant then rules with the iron rolling-pin of a female Nero. All the little attempts of the poor husband to maintain his rights are loudly anathematised as "base machinations to secure her poor daughter's property He wishes to drive Julia mad, but she sees through his mean devices!" Letters too are rifled for secrets —pockets ransacked for *billet-doux*, old servants dismissed, new ones hired, the dinner hour altered, the luncheon kept on the table all day, and the children brought home from school, just as Mrs. Spitfire pleases. The house is quite a family Bastile. No one dares move out or come in without her permission. The latch-key is surrendered, and the husband is quite under the Mother-in-Law's *surveillance*, and is only let out upon *parole*. Woe to him if he returns home a minute late! He is asked through the keyhole "if he's not ashamed of himself?" and before he has wiped his feet on the door-mat, he is told, loud enough for all the servants to hear it, that "Julia is determined not to endure his abominable profligacy any longer,—the poor thing is sinking fast into a premature grave, and she is resolved upon having a separate establishment." The next morning the Mother-in-Law and her daughter leave with a hundred bandboxes, and the husband is left alone without as much as the key of the tea-caddy to console himself with. But he is not allowed to enjoy his solitude long. A St Swithin of letters keeps pouring in upon him from

the mother, in the name of her injured daughter, reproaching him with everything short of arson. He is visited at length by his dread enemy even in person, and after an hydraulic scene, made more terrible by the threat that "she will never leave him till she has brought him to a sense of the injuries he has inflicted upon *that* sainted creature," he is obliged to capitulate: he falls upon his knees before his wife, and begs to be forgiven. The Mother-in-Law stands by, like a stern Nemesis of the sex, and will not allow the poor culprit to rise before he has confessed over and over again how deeply *he* was in the wrong, and "what an infamous wretch he must have been ever to doubt such angelic goodness!"

The husband's children belong, properly speaking, to the Model Mother-in-Law. She superintends their education, dresses them, whips them, physics them, and does whatever she pleases with them. She begs "he'll not interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand." It is at the advent of a new baby, however, that her tyrannic power is the most absolute; the whole household then, from kitchen to garret, is under her thumb, and, the centre of a large circle of Godfreys, Gamps, Prigs, and Dalbys, she administers elixirs and commands alternately, which no one dares disobey. The doctor even succumbs to her; and as for the poor husband, he sinks to the smallest possible point of virile insignificance. He rings the bell—no one answers it: he wanders about a miserable Peter Schlemhil in his own house, a husband who has lost even the shadow of authority. He asks for his

dinner, not a soul knows anything about it. A bed is fitted up for him somewhere in a lumber-room at the top of the nursery. He asks to see his wife, but is met by the Mother-in-Law at the door, and questioned if "*the man* really wishes to kill his innocent babe and wife?" He is "the man."

The Model Mother-in-Law is essentially a "strong-minded woman." She is always telling people "a bit of her mind." The husband gets a bit every day. All his relations, too, who dare "to put their noses into what does not concern them," are favoured with "a bit"—a good large bit—also. Her "mind," like the bell of St. Sepulchre, is never told, unless it is the prelude to some dreadful execution. She dearly loves a quiet family.

The Model Mother-in-Law makes a principle of residing with her victims. When once in a house, she is as difficult to get out as the dry-rot, and if allowed her own way, soon undermines everything, and brings the house "in no time" about everybody's ears. She goes out of town with them as regularly as the autumn. She should never forgive herself if anything happened when she was away, and she was not by the side of her dearest Julia to aid and comfort her. The husband's comfort is never considered. If he does succeed in driving her out of the house, his torments are by no means at an end, for the chances are that she takes a lodging in the same street, and lives right opposite to him. Then she amuses herself by running backwards and forwards all day, dropping in to dinner or luncheon about six times a-week, or

else watching everything that takes place in his house from over the window-blinds of her "first pair front." His only escape, then, is in establishing a Society for the Promotion of Emigration from England of all homeless Mothers-in-Law who have only one daughter. If this should be fruitless, his only hope is in procuring a law to annul all marriages where the husband can prove that he has married "a treasure of a daughter," who has a "jewel of a mother." If this remedy even should fail, he had better take a couple of Life Pills, for there is assuredly "no rest but the grave" for the husband who groans under a MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE MODEL MOTHER

SHE knows no children like her own; they are all angels. Tom can already spell words of three syllables, and the little fellow is only five years old next thirty-first of July Polly puts such curious questions, that her papa is often puzzled to answer them. It was but yesterday she asked him "Why he had whiskers, and mamma had none?" and Mr. Smith really didn't know what to say Thank goodness! she has given all of them a good education, and there is n't one that can turn round and reproach her with a moment's neglect. She loves them all dearly, and never ceases thinking of them. It does her heart good to see them happy, and she cannot understand how mothers can part with their children, and put them out to nurse, where they never see them, and leave them entirely to the care of a strange woman.

No wonder their children don't love them! Now, *she* has nursed every one of her family, and is she any the worse for it, pray? She has no patience with such fine ladies. They don't deserve having children. Why, look at baby! The little thing knows her, and understands every word she says. If it cries—though it is the quietest child in the world—she has only to say "Be quiet, baby!" and off it goes to sleep directly. No! those who don't behave as mothers, will never be loved as mothers, and it's her opinion that when children turn out bad, it is because they have been neglected in their childhood, and have never known the comforts of a home. Ingratitude never grows up in a child's heart, unless it has been first sown there by the hand of the parent. Why she has never had a moment's uneasiness with any one of her children — and she has ten of them, — and why? Because affection begets affection, and she is positive they would not do a single thing to make their mother miserable. It 's true that Ned is "a little racketty," but boys will be boys, and the lad is too good at heart ever to go wrong. But if the worst should happen—not that she fears it—the boy never will forget his happy infancy, and that's a blessing! The thoughts of a happy childhood has brought back many a prodigal son, and she knows well enough that her Ned would never wander far without feeling that chain round his heart gently pulling him towards home. But it 's all nonsense! The boy's right enough, if Mr. Smith would n't be so harsh to him!

Thus the Model Mother defends her children.

Their defects are beauties in her eyes: their very faults are dear to her. They can do no wrong. If any breakage takes place, it was n't the child's fault; she tells you she 's only to blame. She stays the father's arm when his anger is about to fall, and stops his voice when his paternal passion is rising. If any of the boys have gone to the theatre, she sits up to let them in. When questioned the next morning as to the hou. they came home, she has forgotten everything about it—all she recollects is, that young Tom ate a tremendous supper. She supplies them with money, and, if her good-nature is laughed at, she asks you, pray to inform her "when lads are to enjoy themselves, if not when they are young?" She is continually sending presents to Eliza, who, "poor thing! did not marry so well as her sisters." She is not afraid of taking her daughters out with her, for fear of their age leading to the confession of her own, nor does she dress like a young lady of sixteen, in order to look younger than they. To tell the truth, she carries her family everywhere. The youngest she takes to the theatre; on a Sunday they all go out together; she will not travel, or stir out of town, without the whole troop, or call on an acquaintance "just in a friendly way to take dinner," without having Julia, and Jackey, and Emmy, and Augustus, and ever so many more with her. She imagines that because she dearly loves her children, every one must dearly love them also. She discourses on their talents for hours—the reading of the one, the sewing of the other, the blue eyes of the third, the superior accomplishments of the eldest, the

wonderful "Busy, Busy Bee" of the youngest—and tells wonderful anecdotes that prove them to be the greatest geniuses that ever wore pinafores. She makes plum-cakes for the boys when at school, and has them home on the Saturday, and every possible holiday, though she's told each time, "that it interferes sadly with their studies."

The Model Mother is happiest, however, at a wedding. She runs about, kisses her daughter every time she meets her, looks after the breakfast, puts all sorts of packages into the travelling carriage, runs up and down stairs for no one knows what, and laughs and cries every alternate minute. She never was so happy; and when her darling girl says, "Good-bye, mother," she throws her arms round her neck and wishes her all the happiness in the world, accompanied with a hope that "she never will forget her dear mother," and that "she knows where there is always a home for her." Her joy, too, at the birth of the first child is only equalled by her pride and importance. She never leaves her "pet's" bedside, and stops to comfort her, and be the first to kiss the baby She attends every christening, and nearly ruins herself in presents to the nurses, and coral necklaces, and magnificent bibs and tuckers. At Christmas she has all her children to dine with her; it has been the practice of the family as long as she can recollect, and if there is a daughter abroad, or a son in disgrace no one exactly knows where, she is the first to call recollection to the fact, and to propose the health of the missing one after dinner, joined with the prayer that

he or she "may soon be among them again." In the evening she arranges the romps for the boys and girls, and is not the least offended if any one calls her "grandmother." Little presents are given, forfeits are played, glasses of weak negus are handed round, and a Happy Christmas is drank to all. Sir Roger de Coverley finishes the amusements, in which she leads off the dance with her husband, after dragging him away from the whist-table, and she keeps up the fun as long as anybody. At last it is getting late; her children crowd round her, they kiss her, and hang about her, and there is nothing but one loud "God bless you, mother!" heard on all sides. This wish springs from the heart of every one, for there is not a child but who has felt, in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, abroad or at home, the love and kindness of the MODEL MOTHER.

THE MODEL SPOILT BOY

HE will do as he likes. He will dirty his clothes, he will tear his trowsers, he will break the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will cry if he chooses. He's not going to school; he hates it, and he does not care if he's a dunce. Ma' said he was n't to learn if it gave him a *n*eadache. He likes playing best, and only wishes he was a king, he would eat such lots of buns all day. Do you like ginger-beer?—*he* does.

The servants are nasty creatures—that they are; and he'll tell his mamma that they struck him, and won't they just catch it! He does not care if it is "a story." Where does he expect to go to? He knows well enough, but he's not going to tell you—it 's so jolly likely. His papa is much richer than your's. Won't you give him a shilling? You won't? Well, you 're a nasty, stingy man, and Ma' said you 'd a big nose, and that you only came to dinner. Oh, yes! you 'd better strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday—he should like to see you do it. Isn't it plummy catching flies and putting 'em inside a watch?—he 's done it over and over again—it 's such fun! Have you ever stuck cockchafers? Crikey! isn't it a lark just giving 'em paper tails, and set 'em flying in church? He and Harry Simmonds melted Polly's doll yesterday before the fire—there isn't a bit of the head and shoulders left now. He isn't a naughty boy—he will scream. Ma' says she 'd eat herself if she was half as ugly as you. He wont take any medicine—he does not care if he does die. It 's precious nasty stuff—ah, he's glad he 's broken the bottle He'll tell you a secret if you won't tell: Aunt Jane wears a wig—Pa' and Ma' quarrel so sometimes; Ma' says Pa' 's a brute, and then Pa' calls Ma' a "big millstone round his neck." He didn't steal the fruit—he only took a *n*apple, and two pears, and a *n*orange, and a *n*andful of nuts—that 's all. He won't be a good boy. He won't let go your whiskers. If you 'll give him a shilling, p'r'aps he will. He won't go to bed. Ma' lets him sit up as long as he likes. He will stamp. He

won't leave go of the table-cloth—no, he won't. He doesn't care if he does pull all the tea-things over. Ugh! ugh! ugh! he'll tell his Ma'! Ugh!—you 'd better not hit him again, or he 'll be ill and die of the measles—that he will. Booh-ugh-ooh!—he 's jolly glad he 's spilt the tea-urn—he 'll do it every day, if you don't leave him alone. You 're a nasty beast—u-u-u-gh—that you are.

The Model Spoilt Boy is carried off at last, amidst a chorus of his own screams, but not before he has upset several cups and saucers, and distributed his kicks very impartially all round. The screams are continued up-stairs, and prolonged under the bed clothes, till he falls asleep—the only period he is ever quiet. The next day his "Pa'" determines to send him to school. "Ma'" opposes, and her pet child resists; several broken windows attest the fury of the struggle; but for once the maternal authority is overpowered. The young Nero of the nursery is packed off into the country. When he comes home for the holidays, he is wonderfully tamed; but it takes several half-years thoroughly to eradicate his profound savageness, and to make of him a sweet child that foregoes his natural love for teazing the cat, and worrying the servants, and breaking the windows, and putting gunpowder into the snuffers, and wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trowsers. Sometimes he 's cured of screaming, but is troubled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will continue for days together, as if it were his only consolation for no longer pinching his little

brothers and sisters, or running pins into the little baby, or giving bluebottles a watery grave in the milk-jug. These sulks may, with care and a strong hand, be weeded from his barren disposition, but generally they lie, with his other faults, far too deep to be rooted out; and as the Child is the reputed Father to the Man, so a despotic husband, or a tyrannic parent, is only too frequently the son of the MODEL SPOILT BOY.

THE MODEL BABY.

It is the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning by tearing the leaves out of every book, and grasping with both hands at the engravings. It is the cleverest child that was ever born, and says "papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old. It takes early to pulling whiskers, preferring those of strangers. It has only one complaint, and that is the wind; but it is frequently troubled with it. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would

THE MODEL BABY

swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It dislikes leaving home, rarely stopping on a visit longer than a day. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's cap and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is never happy but in its mother's arms, especially if it is being nursed by a gentleman. It prefers the floor to the cradle, which it never stops in longer than it can help. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the table-cloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantelpiece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap. It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any shape, and repels the spoonful of sugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to pieces any handsome piece of finery, lace especially, as soon as it is put on. It inquires deeply into everything, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a work-box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without any head or arms. It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endearments. It has a most extraordinary taste for colours, imbibing them greedily in every shape, more especially from the wooden tenants of Noah's Ark, which are to be found in the mouth of

every baby. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand-and-one experiments of rival grannies and mothers-in-law, and outliving, to the athletic age of kilts and bare legs, the villanous compounds of Godfrey and Dalby, and the whole poison-chest of Elixirs, Carminatives, and Cordials, which babies are physically heir to

THE MODEL MONTHLY NURSE.

SHE is opposed breath and body to chloroform. Ether, too, is an abomination in her eyes. She considers both the one and the other were invented to take the bread out of her mouth. She hates all "new-fangled ways." But she does not oppose the Doctor — she only does as she likes. It is always "our patient," and "we 're getting on wonderful well, but extremely delicate, Doctor." To inquiries, however, from the street door, it is never

more than "as well as can be expected." The bulletin of the most Model Monthly Nurse never was more sanguine than that. Her expectations, in fact, are very moderate. She does not expect to stop longer than the month. She expects three meals a-day, and a glass of something warm before going to bed—or to sleep, rather. She expects to have one servant to wait upon her, and to have the bell answered the first time she rings it. She expects to have warm water kept for her all day and night She expects half-a-crown at least from carriage acquaintances, something large from "the dear lady's" father and mother, but not more than a shilling from poor relations. But she gives caudle and curtseys to all. She is above standing at the door, with her hand hollowed out, like a pew-opener. Here her expectations end—they finish at the threshold of the bed-room door, excepting when her reign is over (like a magazine, it rarely goes beyond the month), and then she does expect something over and above her wages from "master," and a shawl, at least, from her "dear lady. She expects, also, plenty of porter for dinner, and a pint for luncheon. She has such a "weak digester."

The Model Nurse is most punctual to her time; rather the day before than after. She is never idle She cuts up an old glove for the door-knocker. She has quite a stud of horses ready aired with linen for "the dear little poppet." She has taken off her goloshes, hung up her pattens, and put on her list slippers Her big nightcap lies ready for action. She is quite breathless. She only leaves the bedside

upon the greatest emergency. Nothing but supper will tear her away from it. She has her little vanities, and is much tickled with straw in the street.

When the happy moment has arrived, her coolness, her nerve, her importance, her power of command, her bustle, cannot be exceeded. If the husband dares to put his nose into the room, he is immediately pushed out. The whole house is at her disposal. Grandmamma, even, is put into a corner—the Doctor sinks into a mere black shadow—the servants run quickest at her orders. No one moves, not a person comes in, without her crying out, in a whisper of agony, "Hussssh." She alone has the power of opening the bed-room curtains—she alone has the authority to withdraw the bolt of the door—she alone has the handling of baby and the privilege of with drawing the flannels that are curled round it, like a hot roll, to keep it warm—and showing its face, and hands, and feet, to its young brothers and sisters. No one is allowed to take it out of the cradle without Nurse's permission. Young ladies, who have such an extraordinary love (in public) for everybody's babies, are not allowed to kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss it again and again, and toss it up and clatter "chuky! chuky! chuky!" until it cries, without the express sanction of Nurse. Man, during the first thirty days of his existence, is the property of the Monthly Nurse. Every one must feel this, for if there is one thing truer than another in this sceptical world, it is that "we all have been babies once." If there is a woman who can contradict that, I hope I may never meet her

The Model Nurse, however, does not ill-use her young property. She sings to it her choicest songs, and chirrups, and talks with it, putting the most curious questions, without ever waiting for an answer to a single one of them. "Shall it be a Princy-wincy?" or, "Did its naughty little finger-pinger go into its little angel's eye, and hurt my little poppsy-moppsy woppsy?" or, "Was it that nasty bow-wow that prevented it going to by-bye?" It is coaxed off to sleep in the kindest manner, Nurse hiding it in her breast, whispering in its ear some nursery tune, and beating time with her slipper. This is done without any manual force, or shaking, as if it were a medicine-bottle, and without the aid of old Bogie or the "black man a-coming round the corner." Rarely does she smack the baby on its back when it is choking, or when her dinner is nearly ready. She would as soon think of eating her cucumber without pepper, salt, and vinegar, as pinching "her dear little ducksy-wucksy." She is most motherly, and does not make it cough when feeding it with a disproportioned spoon, nor take any of the baby's food herself. She is very clever in detecting resemblances, but a strong family likeness generally runs through all her babies. Never did she have a child born but what it had its "dear father's nose," and "its mother's pretty eyes, bless it."

She talks of the children frequently as if they were her own. She will tell you, "I was dreadfully distressed last year, sir. I had ten children in nine months; but that was not so bad as the year before, for I had twins twice running I thought I should

never get over it; but they are all doing well, thank Heaven."

Her superstitions are few. If the child is born on a Friday, she holds her tongue about it. If, Quaker like, however, it is born "with a caul," so much the better—it is her perquisite. She hunts for moles and marks, but draws no prognostications from them. Her delight with twins is unbounded; and this is no duplicity, because her gratuities sensibly increase: but because her importance swells twice as big. She becomes incorporated with the mighty event; and no one derives more consequence, more pleasure (and decidedly more profit), from it than Nurse: for the heart must indeed be asphalte—harder even, for asphalte melts sometimes—to refuse half-a-crown to a nurse with a double attraction. The eldest she marks with a gay ribbon; and this is the only distinction she makes between the two. She is most particular about the exact difference of their ages. Only think of the after-value of her testimony! One word from her, and one of those dear little babies is a beggar for life. She knows well enough that in Law, when there is a disputed race between two brothers, it is invariably he who has the start who carries off the prize. If this is so important, then, between two, what must it not be when there is a lot of brothers all entered for the same race? It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if the Model Nurse is so particular about the value of a minute! Many an elder brother would be living, perhaps, in a second floor, but for her!

The Model Nurse can sleep anywhere—in an arm-

chair, or a bed-stool, or on a sofa. "Nature's gentle restorer" visits her at a single wink. She does not snore. A touch, a sigh almost, wakes her up, and, in a second, she is by the head of her patient, offering all sorts of remedies, and smoothing the pillow. She does not take snuff.

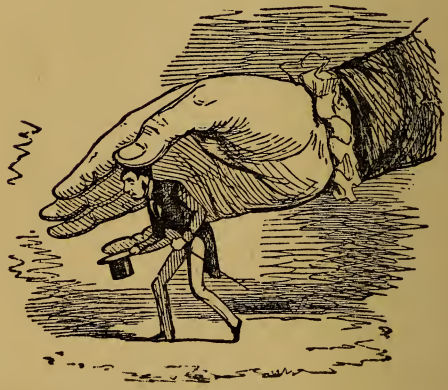
It is curious she never goes to bed. At least, during my long experience, I never recollect an instance of a nurse undressing. A nightcap and a mysterious black bottle, and she would sleep like a perfect top, I think, on the top of the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

When the month is nearly burnt out, her irradiance grows fainter, her effulgence illumines a smaller circle, every day. She no longer barricades the door, she mixes freely with the servants, and will sow on a button for "Master." She takes anything there is for dinner, and does not ring for a lemon after tea. At last! she leaves with her bundle (Nurses don't move much on the "trunk" line), and calls two or three days afterwards to see the "sweet little cherub," and to inquire how her "dear good lady is getting on." As years whirl on, she becomes the mother (No. 2) of a large family, and delights in reminding you, every time she sees you, that she brought you into the world "Ah! Master Horace" (let you be ever so old, it is always Master), "what a lovely baby you were to be sure; but you've grown since then;" and then she unrolls various little anecdotes, at which you smile with manly contempt, about your infancy and that of all your brothers and sisters; and it is very strange

that you were every one of you "the most lovely babies." Believe Nurse, and you are all quite a family of "angels." She rattles on, knows the date almost to a minute of each birth. "Yes! I recollect, it was twins, for it was a good fruit season that year, and you know, sir, they say that apples and babies always run together. Yes—how proud your sweet suffering mother was, to be sure; but somehow I thought your dear good father did not look so pleasant as he might have done; and yet you were the finest babies, sir, I ever set my eyes upon—and in my time, sir, I have seen a few." So she will gossip for hours, if you only listen to her.

She is always clean; but her ornaments are confined to a big wedding-ring, as if it belonged to a defunct bed-curtain; but then she is most particular in displaying this moral ornament. She is a favourite in the house; and when she calls, there is always a cry raised in the passage of "Oh! here's Nurse." She is invited into the parlour, and has "just called to inquire after the young ladies. Lor! Miss, how you have grown, I declare." She has a glass of wine, and never leaves without some little present; and from her side-pocket (she is one of the few who still hold to side-pockets) is seen peeping out of a collar of brown paper the neck of a black bottle, which people do say is Rum. But "we 're not so young now as we used to be," and sciatica is not a pleasant companion on a cold winter's night, and business is not so brisk now, and the "roomattics" are dreadful bad to be sure—(strange, that as we ascend in life, the only height gained seems

to be the "roomattics!");—so even supposing it is the best Jamaica pine-apple rum, it would be a most shabby thing, indeed, to throw it in the face of the poor MODEL MONTHLY NURSE!



THE MODEL GOVERNESS.

ESPECTABLY connected, young, accomplished, but poor, is the Model Governess. She closes the door against all acquaintances and relations the moment she enters her situation, and as for friends, she loses them all—forgets in time the very name of one; for who ever heard of a Governess with friends? She never goes out, and is allowed no visitors. To be perfect, she should be ugly. Woe betide her, if she be pretty! The mother suspects her, the young ladies hate her, and even the ladies'-maid cannot "abide her." Her beauty only exposes her to compliments and attentions from the guests, and this makes the young ladies all the more jealous, and the mother all the more irate against her The young gentlemen of the house, also, persist in flirting with her, and this rouses the suspicions and sneers of the old gentleman. He accuses her of making love, of "laying traps" for his sons, and of being "an artful, designing jade"

She bears all without a murmur, and never retorts. It is her sad situation to be always suspected. A letter cannot come to her by the post, but it instantly raises a storm of uncharitable surmises—in fact, anything like a correspondence is highly improper, and forbidden accordingly. Her drawings and paintings elicit loud encomiums, but they are all showered on the young ladies, who have put their initials in the corner: the Model Governess is not thought of, much less praised.

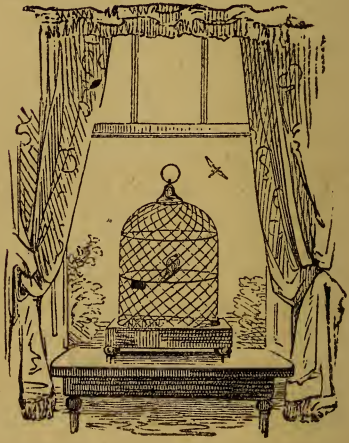
A kind word has such a strange effect upon her, that it frequently makes her run up to her room, where she hides herself and cries bitterly, yet joyfully. It is very curious, she is never ill—at least she never confesses to it. Her dress, of course, must be of the very plainest. All light colours are prohibited as strictly as cousins. It is all the better, in fact, if she wears caps. A pair of spectacles, also, enhance the claims of a Model Governess, especially if she be not more than twenty. She must not mind being told once a-week that she is eating the "bread of dependence;" and, above all, she must "know her station," though it is rather difficult to say what that station is. It is not the drawing-room, it is not the kitchen, nor is it the young ladies' room. It must be the landing-place.

Children are her especial delight: they tell tales against her, outvie one another in teasing her—play little practical jokes, peculiar to juvenile geniuses, with her work-box and desk. The whole life of the Governess is a living sermon upon the holy text of

the forgiveness of injuries. Her amusements are few; for singing cannot be called singing when it is done by command, and dancing is but sorry dancing when you are requested to join in it merely to fill up a side-couple. Her accomplishments, however, are manifold, though exercised for the benefit of others.

She is an Encyclopædia in bombazeen, which must be ready to be referred to at a moment's notice by every one in the house upon every possible and impossible science, including the very latest improvements, corrections, and additions that may have taken place in philosophy, poetry, or puddings. She plays the harp, piano, and accordion; teaches calisthenics and hair-curling; dances the newest fashionable dances, from Bohemia or Andalusia; understands glove-cleaning and dress-making; is clever at Berlin wool-work; in short, must have every female accomplishment at her fingers' ends. She knows eight or ten languages, but must n't talk unless spoken to. Her greatest talent should be displayed in listening cleverly. Her sympathy should be all upon one side, like the Irishman's unanimity. She must have no views of her own, but only reflect, like a looking-glass, those of the person who is consulting her. Her whole life is a heritage of petty meannesses. She has not the consideration that is paid to a cook, and very frequently not half the wages that are paid to a housemaid; in fact, the housemaid has the advantage of the two, for she is entitled at least to a month's warning, whereas the poor Governess is often dis-

missed at a moment's notice. The Model Governess is literally the maid-of-all-work of fashionable society Ladies, think of your own daughters, and treat her kindly!



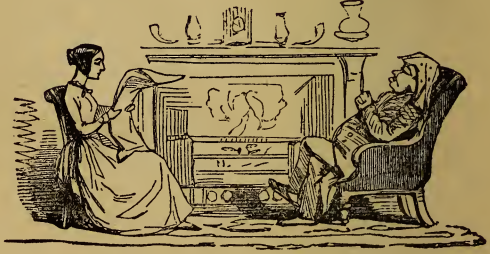
THE MODEL DAUGHTER.

SHE comes down to breakfast before the tea-things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She "practises" only when he is out. She does not have her letters addressed to the pastrycook's, or make a postman of the housemaid. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head cramfull of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses, or having a Turkish slipper on hand for some anonymous foot in the

Guards. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking, or make a pudding. She looks attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white-wine whey, tapioca, chicken broth, beef-tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick-room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort, and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a blackbeetle. She does not spin poetry, nor devour it in any great quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father of an evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She does not keep her mother waiting an hour at an evening party for "just another waltz." She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"she would die sooner." She is not above going down to the kitchen to give out soap or pearlash to the maids. She orders the dinners, and is the appointed treasurer of the store-room She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool and crying "one-two-three-one-two-three" continually. She knows nothing of crotchets, or "Woman's Mission." She studies housekeeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, pays the servants' wages, is acquainted with the price of mutton to a farthing, and can tell pretty nearly how many "long sixes" go to a pound. She checks the weekly

bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on a Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see Jenny Lind; nor does she care much about "that love Mario." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with equal civility, making no distinction between the gentleman and the tradesman. She is not fond of pulling all the things over in a shop merely to buy "a packet of pins." She can pass a *Marchande de Modes* without stopping. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and backgammon, and takes a hand at whist occasionally—"anything to please her dear father." Her grog, too, elicits the warmest encomiums from the old gentlemen who drop in. She does not send home "lovely" jewellery for her father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She flirts but moderately, and has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults from their "Master and Missus." She takes the children to school, makes them rich plum-cakes and tarts, and gives them little sums out of the housekeeping—when the "Charities" swell, perhaps, a little larger that week. She never pouts if scolded, nor shuts herself up in her room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers regularly on a winter's

night, and lights his candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's "dear good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being intrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is terrible crying when she is married, and for days afterwards nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the MODEL DAUGHTER.



THE MODEL

LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER

HE 'S very sorry, but she cannot make twenty breakfasts, and wait upon twenty gentlemen all at once! You really must wait a little longer.—She is *so* hurt to hear that the children disturb you! She has the greatest trouble in keeping them quiet, but begs you will not hesitate to mention it if they are at all noisy. She has told them at least fifty times never to come into your room, the little plagues!—She hopes you feel yourself comfortable? Well! it 's very strange, but the chimney never did smoke before; whatever can be the cause of it? Oh! that noise at the back is the skittle-ground—she quite forgot to mention it previously, but her house adjoins "a public,"—it 's a great nuisance to be sure, but it 's only of an evening, and won't trouble you much after eleven.

She can't for the life of her make out who takes your books! all she knows that she 's no time for

reading—it must be that hussey, Ann; she 'll send her away as sure as she 's born, if she catches her at it!—You must make a mistake—there was n't a bit of the leg left yesterday, she's ever so positive there was n't—she can show you the bone if you wish it.—She never recollects coals so abominably dear; it 's quite shameful! The ton you had in last week is all gone, and she was obliged to lend you a coal-scuttle herself this morning.—She can't make out what makes the paper so very late—those tiresome boys are enough to wear one's life out.—She 's very sorry if there 's no mustard in the house, she has told Ann to get some at least a hundred times, if she has told her once, but it's of no use She must get rid of the girl! Lor! how very provoking—she wishes you had only told her you wanted some hot water for your feet—she 's just that very minute put the kitchen fire out, but there 's some delicious cold water, if you 'd like any.

What! a FLEA!!! (it is quite impossible to express this scream in type; the reader must imagine in his mind's ear something equal in shrillness to a railway whistle)—A FLEA!!! did you say? Oh! that she should live to hear such a thing! She 's only a poor lone widow, and it 's cruel—that it is—to throw such a thing in her face! Well! if you *are* bitten all over, it 's no fault of hers; you must have brought the "nasty things" in yourself. Her house is known to be the sweetest house in the whole street, you can ask anybody if it is n't!—Would you be kind enough not to ring the bell so often—there's a poor invalid lady on the first floor, and it distresses her

sadly!—She begs your pardon, but linen always was an extra: she had a gentleman who stopt in her two parlours once for ten years; he was a very nice gentleman to be sure, something in the law, and he never all the time raised so much as a murmur against the linen, nor any other gentleman that she has had any dealings with; *you* must be mistaken.

She really cannot clean more than one pair of boots a-day—some persons seem to have no bowels for the servants, poor creatures!—Well! what's the matter with the curtains, she should like very much to know? What, rather old! Well! on her word it's the first time she's ever been told so, and they have not been up eight years, if so much, but decidedly not more! However, if persons are not satisfied, they had better go—she has been offered three and sixpence a-week more for the rooms—and goodness knows she does n't make a blessed farthing by them. She's anxious to satisfy everybody, but cannot do wonders—and what's more, won't, to please anybody!—She 's extremely sorry to hear that you have lost half your shirts, but she cannot be answerable for her servants, of course She has told her lodgers over and over again always to be careful and lock their drawers, till she 's fairly tired of telling them! What do you say? They always have been locked! Well! she should n't at all wonder now that you suspect her?—if so, she can only tell you to your face that she does n't wear shirts, and begs that you'll suit yourself elsewhere. She never experienced such treatment in all her life, and more than that, she won't

—no, not to please Prince Albert, or the very best lodger in the world! Perhaps you 'll accuse her next of stealing your tea and sugar? What, you do? Well! she 's ashamed of you, that she is, and should like exceedingly to know what you call yourself? A *gentleman* indeed! No more a gentleman than she is a gentleman. However, she won't harbour such gentlemen in *her* house, she 's determined of that, so you 'll please take the usual notice, and bundle yourself off as quick as you can, and precious good riddance too! She won't stand nonsense from anybody, though she is nothing better than a poor lone widow, and has not a soul to protect her in the wide world! She never saw *such* a gentleman

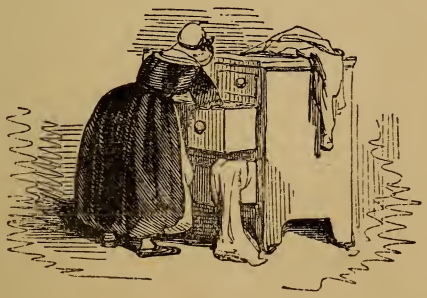
Not a word more, however, is said. The next evening some oysters are sent in for supper "with Missus' compliments; please, she says they 're beautifully fresh;" or if it is Sunday, she goes in herself with her best cap, and two plates, one over the other, and "hopes you will excuse the liberty, but the joint looked so nice, she thought you would just like a slice of hot meat for luncheon, with a nice brown potato." She stirs the fire, sees that the windows are fastened down tight—can't make out where the draught comes from! asks in the softest voice whether you would n't like a glass of pale ale? and finishes by dusting with her apron the mantelpiece and all the chairs, and hoping that you 're perfectly comfortable?

As the fatal day draws near, she knocks at the door "Is she disturbing you? Would you be kind

enough to let her have a little drop of brandy—she should esteem it a great favour—she feels such a dreadful sinking."

The next morning she lays the breakfast cloth herself. For the first time the weekly bill is not ready, "but she's in no hurry—any time will do. Why! surely you're not thinking of going in this way? You have been with her so long; she should be miserable to lose you—such a nice gentleman too—you cannot mean to go!"

But, alas! there is no appeal. Here let us run away. Language is too weak to describe the fearful slammings and bangings of every door, and the noisy sarcasms of that last day. Arithmetic, also, falls powerless before the awful array of formidable "extras" in that last week's bill of the MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER



THE MODEL TIGER.

WITH his heels, he does not exceed three feet four, Tiger height. He looks best on tiptoe behind a high cab. He never hangs on the straps without gloves. He is far too proud to whistle. He is strongly attached to a rosebud in his button-hole. You never see him with a straw in his mouth, much less a pipe. His tops are as smooth as his chin. He jumps off his board and springs up again without defiling the snowy purity of his cords. He is above swearing before a horse-guard, or nurse, or pretty barmaids, or timid ladies'-maids. He is a favourite with "cookie." He is not particular, but allows no nonsense from the ostler

and kicks down, most indignantly, all doctors' boys that attempt to jump on the step behind. His knock is a study for a titled footman. He hates being kept waiting at a turnpike. He rarely holds converse with cabmen, conductors, and such-like, unless he is driving the cab by himself, when he tells them to "look sharp there." If he has a weakness, it is a readiness for fighting. He will spar with Ben Caunt, if he feels insulted. He waits at table, and knows how to open a bottle of champagne without spilling half of it over you; the same with soda-water. He is clever at deli vering messages and letters. He can tell a lie as well as the best servant, when needed. He will carry game, but objects to parcels—at least is never seen with one. He is proud of the "governor," and always takes a fair half of whatever he does, as, "Didn't *we* have a lark at Greenwich last night?" or, "Didn't *we* astonish them at the Derby just a few?" He is very polite, and touches his hat with the military forefinger, more especially to ladies. His greatest delight is to have a watch; his wildest ambition to get whiskers.

The Model Tiger leads a happy life, is much courted in the fashionable areas, but his head is not turned with the praises he receives for being a "little dapper fellow." He would change with no man, excepting a jockey. He *should* like to win a Leger, but gives it up, as being far beyond him. He takes the greatest pride in his person, in his cab, and his blood mare, which he considers just as much his as his master's He is as "nimble as ninepence" (whatever that amount may be which is purchasable by so small

a sum), and should like to see the horse he cannot master. He rides as well as he drives, and is quite unmoved, even if he gets hedged in by a herd of oxen, or has to assist at a grand review. He has no great soul for the theatres, excepting it is the "horse business," at Astley's.

But one fear cuts up the smoothness of his path—that is, the chance of his growing any bigger He feels that if he gets taller, he shall be knocked off his board by some one a size smaller. The long-desired whiskers come straggling at last. He shaves with unbounded delight at first, but his hand shakes after a time; he turns pale at such undoubted proofs of manhood. He would always remain a boy, and die in his darling top-boots, the epitome of a pocket MODEL TIGER.

THE MODEL FAST LADY

THE MODEL FAST LADY.

THERE cannot be the most vulgar fraction of a doubt that the great attribute of the present age is Fast—very Fast. Too many of us are trained as if we were to form part of "John Scott's Lot." It is as clear as the course the minute before the Derby, that the quicker our pace in this world, the surer we are to win. The race of life is only to the Fastest. If Fénélon were asked to-morrow what were the great requisites for a young person to get on in the world, he would infallibly answer, "Only three: the first is, Be Fast; the second, Keep Fast; and the third, Hold Fast."

The Model Fast Lady acts as if she had received

this golden, or rather brazen, advice. Riding is one of her great hobbies. Walking is far too slow for her A smart gallop does her such a world of good. To be in "at the death" is a series of triumphs for a week. You could almost swear that the "brush" is displayed on her toilet-table.

She delights in dogs; not King Charles's, but big dogs that live in kennels. She takes them into the drawing-room, and makes them leap over the chairs. Her mare, too, is never out of her mouth. The incredible things she has done with that dear creature—the tremendous fences that she has taken, and the five-barred gates—you would scarcely believe. It must have been born in leap year. She knows the pedigree of all the illustrious horses and pointers of any note for miles round. If she be intimate with you, she will call you "my dear fellow;" and if she take a fancy to you, you will be addressed the first time by your Christian name, familiarised very shortly from Henry into Harry. Her father is hailed as "Governor." Her speech, in fact, is a little masculine. If your eyes were shut, you would fancy it was a "Fast Man" speaking, so quick do the "snobs," and "nobs," and "chaps," and "dowdies," "gawkies," "spoonies," "brats," and other cherished members of the Fast Human Family run through her loud conversation. Occasionally, too, a "Deuce take it," vigorously thrown in, or a "Drat it," peculiarly emphasised, will startle you; but they are only used as interjections, and mean nothing but "Alas!" or "Dear me!" or, at the most, "How provoking!" One of her

favourite words is "Bother," so you had better be careful, and not "bother" her too much, or else she will be sure to tell you, and that very plainly too.

The Model Fast Lady is not particularly attached to dancing. If she does not admire your appearance, "she was out with the hounds this morning, and is too tired for that sort of thing." When she does dance, however, large officers, or colossal huntsmen, are generally her partners. Her pride then is to pass everybody. She waltzes as if she had made a wager to go round the room one hundred and fifty times in five minutes-and-a-quarter. If any one is pushed over by the rapidity of her Olga revolutions, she does not stop, but merely laughs, and "hopes no limbs are broken;" and if her dress gets torn, "Never mind, she has got another one somewhere at home."

By-the-bye, if she has a weakness, it is on the score—rather a long one—of wagers. She is always betting. If you happen by some odd accident to say, "I think it will rain," the chances are, she will immediately say, "I'll bet you 5 to 1 it does n't." She keeps a little pocket-book to register her bets. Towards Epsom and Ascot it is almost bursting with the odds; and she rushes about asking everybody "to lay her something." She will take the field, or hedge, or back the winner, or scratch, or do anything to oblige you. It must be mentioned, however, that she is most honourable in the payment of her debts. She would sell her *Black Bess* sooner than levant.

The Model Fast Lady has, at best, but a superficial knowledge of the art of flirting. All compliments she

calls "stuff." She likes persons to be sensible; and has no idea of being made a fool of. Come, don't praise her; just help her to a little bit more mutton, and look alive.

At a picnic she is invaluable. When your tumbler is empty, she'll take champagne with you—that is to say, if you 're not too proud. You may as well fill her glass; she has no notion of being cheated. Here 's better luck to you!—and to enforce it, she runs the point of her parasol into your side.

In laying the *déjeûner*, or "snack," as she terms it—she is very abstemious of foreign phrases—she arranges the knives and forks and plates; mixes the salad, and at an emergency can supply a corkscrew—it belongs to her dressing-case. She orders all the young men about as if they had been hired for the day, and speaks almost as familiarly to the servants.

Returning home she steers, and has been seen, on two or three occasions, rowing. She dislike smoking? not *she* indeed, she 's rather fond of it. In fact, she likes a "weed" herself occasionally, and to convince you will take two or three whiffs, till, abashed by the "Oh's!" and the "My dears!" of the young and elderly ladies, she throws it into the river, with the excuse that "it's a shocking bad one." When pressed to sing, she does not warble "I'd be a butterfly," but bursts into a "Southerly wind and a cloudy sky"

Her fore-finger is not much needle-marked, and she laughs at Berlin wool and all such frippery If she makes a present to some young gentleman of a pair of handsome emblazoned braces, she buys them

ready-made. She declares she will never marry unless her husband is a good needlewoman. She has a pianoforte, but really has no patience to practise. Besides, where's the benefit? every one plays now-a-days. If she wants a bravura, or any sing-song nonsense, she has only to ring the bell, and tell Jane to sit down to the piano, and she can have "variations" enough to last her in headaches for six months. She can manage a short tune, however, on the cornet-à-piston.

She plays at cards—not for love, but money; will submit to the slow torture of Loo, and even rushes coldly into the horrors of Blind Hookey; but before beginning, she is honest enough to give warning that she always cheats; and if detected, only says, "Well, I told you so."

She has no great yearning for canaries, or any birds, excepting in their gravy and bread-sauce state She went out shooting once, but gave it up, the "boobies laughed and stared so." Fishing is a different thing, but it's stupidly slow; she would as soon mend stockings any day.

The Fast Lady rather avoids children. If a baby is put into her hands, she says, "Pray, somebody, come and take this thing, I'm afraid of dropping it." She prefers the society of men, too, to that of her own sex. After dinner she is very quiet, turns over in silence the engravings of some picture-book, but directly the gentlemen enter the drawing-room she is chatty again, and "begs to return thanks for the honour which the gentleman have done the ladies in drinking their very good healths"

Her costume is not regulated much by the fashions, and she is always the first to come down when the ladies have gone up stairs to change their dress. Gay colours please her the most, and she succeeds, generally, in attracting notice by some peculiarity; either, on an evening, by the largeness of her bouquet, or little marabout feathers trussed all about her hair, or, when out walking, having an ugly monster of a dog following her, or a big footman walking after her with a basket full of kittens; or else she will promenade the streets in a riding-habit, and the people will stare about in all directions, to see what has become of the horse, and all this passes to her infinite amusement. The first person she meets, she gives him the whole history of it, illustrated with laughs.

Her greatest accomplishment is to drive. With the whip in one hand, and the reins in the other, and a

key-bugle behind, she would not exchange places with the Queen herself. It is rumoured, also, that she can swim, but there is no authentic proof of this. She

will drink a sherry-cobbler out of the same tumbler with you any day.

Literature is a sealed pleasure to her, though she reads *Bell's Life*, and has a few odd volumes in her bed-room of the *Sporting Magazine*. She knows there was a horse of the name of *Byron*.

With all these peculiarities and manly addictions, however, the Fast Lady is very good-hearted. Her generosity, too, must be included amongst her other faults, for she gives to all, and increases the gift by sympathy. She is always in good humour, and dearly loves a joke. She is an excellent daughter, and her father doats on her, and lets her do what she likes, for "he knows she will never do anything wrong, though she is a strange girl." In the country she is greatly beloved. The poor people call her "a dear good Miss," and present their petitions, and unfold all their little griefs to her. She is continually having more presents of pups sent to her than she knows what to do with. The farmers, too, consult her about their cows and pigs, and she is the godmother to half the children of the parish. She is a favourite generally among the men, but the ladies turn their backs rather tepidly upon her, and call her "forward," and she is consequently by no comparison so popular at the tea-parties as at the different subscription packs of the neighbourhood.

Her deficiencies, after all, are more those of manner than of feeling. She may be too largely gifted with the male virtues, but then she has a very sparing collection of the female vices; that is to say, she has no

taste for ill-natured scandal, is not given to novels, flirting, or jilting, and is no more a coquette than the Lady in the lobster, that great model of the female sex. Nature may be to blame for having made her one of the weaker vessels, but imperfect and manly as she is, she still retains the inward gentleness of the woman, and many fine ladies, who stand the highest in the pulpits of society, would preach none the less effectively if they had only as good a heart—even with the trumpery straw in which, like a rich fruit, it is enveloped—as the MODEL FAST LADY.

THE MODEL ACTRESS

THE MODEL ACTRESS.

HE rises very early. Her first thought is to look at the newspaper, and see if her name is mentioned in the criticism of the new piece. Not a word! She dresses very quickly, and takes her breakfast standing, studying her new "part" all the while. At ten she is in the theatre, in a black atmosphere, ruled with long white lines of daylight, pouring down from the different skylights The whole place is redolent of cobwebs, orange-peel, and the stale smoke of last night's blue fire. She attends the reading of a new play. She then listens to the "cutting" of the new piece, and proceeds to the rehearsal of it. Her "part" is clipt to two lines; still she does not murmur, but is secretly thankful it is not taken out altogether. She waits behind the scenes, lingering about the musty corridors till one o'clock, when there is a general rehearsal of the grand new burlesque. The manageress, however, does not

arrive till two,—then the properties are not ready, the daubs of scenes are not set, the stage-manager has "just stept round the corner" (a delicate figure for the public-house, very popular in theatres), and the young author is flirting in front with one of the ballet-girls. At last the rehearsal begins Each dance is repeated two or three times, the military ones especially; and the author is very proud about his jokes, and will not have them murdered. This makes it four o'clock before the rehearsal is over. The actress rushes upstairs to see about her dress: this is a matter of great importance, and half an hour soon flies before the looking-glass. As she is running out of the theatre, she is called back by the musical conductor, "to try over her song quietly by herself." So she leaves the theatre almost as the boxkeepers are coming into it, too lucky if she is not detained at the door by a loud cry of "Ladies and gents, the last act, if you please, once more." She gets away, however, before the big chandelier is lighted, astonished to find the sun is shining in the streets.

She runs home, and sinks in an arm-chair quite worn and spiritless. The dinner is cold; she has no appetite; she longs to sleep, but is afraid to lie down Besides, she has not a moment to lose. She has to get perfect in her new part, to try on her new dress (she dresses and undresses about ten times a-day), to arrange her hair, sew some ribbons on to her cap, and be at the theatre again a little before seven.

Then the business of her day commences. She is an empress in the first piece, blazing with mock dia-

monds, drinking "property" champagne, and giving away millions of tin roubles. She is a saucy maid in the farce, with her gay cap, boxing her mistresses' ears, and being kissed, alternately, by the smart groom, the young Captain, the old Uncle, and the Yorkshire coachman. She is the Fairy Barleysugarina in the last piece, and has to dance, and sing negro songs, and fight a grand sword-combat for ten minutes, and to dress up in hussar, Amazonian, and policemen's clothes; besides being suspended by a rope in the last scene. It is full one o'clock before the performances are over. She has to undress and dress again, and to see the stage-manager before going, probably to be reprimanded for her petticoats not being short enough. She gets home between one and two. It is too late for supper. The beer is flat; the fire is out; and she is too glad to get into bed. She is in a hurry to sleep, and yet cannot. The "bravos" keep ringing in her ears, and the manager's reprimand worries her. She lays awake thinking of to-morrow, for there is generally a "call" at ten, and she is afraid of not being up, so that sleep comes slowly to her heavy eyelids.

This is the life of the Model Actress in the summer time. It is not pleasant then, but it is worse in the winter. The hot-house then is changed into an ice well. The stage, with its numerous side-scenes, traps, and staircases, is one immense collection of draughts, as if they had been put there purposely, like those in a chemist's shop, to benefit the doctors. The little fire in the green-room is blocked up by big men, in low necks and fleshings, just as cold as herself. She

shivers in a corner, with an old shawl round her shoulders. She has a cough probably; and a thin gauze dress, with spangles, is not the best thing to cure it. It rains, perhaps, but she must brave it. She has no shillings to bargain for cabs. The Fairy Barley-sugarina thinks herself well off if she has a pair of clogs and an umbrella, and blest indeed if she gets a lift, half-way home, in some Giselle's Brougham.

This is the daily life of the Model Actress throughout the year. She is not married, and it is a blessing for her. How could she nurse a crying child when she got home? How could she attend to a baby at rehearsal, or rock the cradle at the wings? A husband, too, would only be in the way at a theatre, and she is never at home Her lot is bitter enough without any such additional anxieties. Her whole time and thoughts must be devoted to the "house" where she is engaged.

She cannot always call the Sunday her own. She has frequently to attend at the theatre "after Divine service." Her only holiday is Passion week, and then she gets no salary; and the same when the theatre is closed, by the caprice of the Mosaic manager, on account of "bad business." Her only chance of existence then, is to "star" at the Grecian Saloon, or, when it comes to the worst, to take the round of the musical public-houses, and collect what she can.

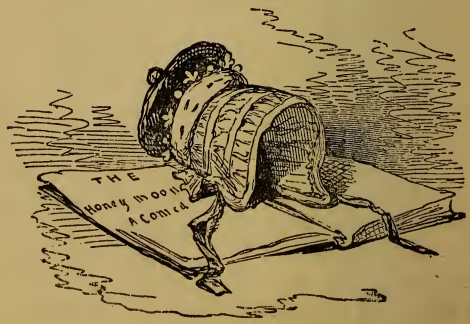
Sometimes she goes into the country, and joins a "circuit" in some far-off county. Her prospects do not brighten with the change. Her salary becomes a chance—in town it was, at least, a certainty. The

receipts are generally divided amongst the company, and the women do not invariably get the largest share. She comes back poorer in purse than ever.

And what is her salary in town? Some twenty to thirty shillings a-week; and this again is at the mercy of that despotic tyrant, the stage-manager. It is perilled, also, by the loss of her good looks. Each night's illness, likewise, is deducted on the Saturday. But, somehow, the Model Actress is never fined—she never misses a rehearsal—she never keeps the stage waiting—and, most luckily for her, is rarely ill. She not only lives on her salary, but finds her shoes, stockings, and numerous little articles of dress, out of it. Sometimes, too, she supports an old mother. "Impossible! Absurd!" cries the Reader, but it is true, nevertheless. "Then she falls?" Perhaps she does—but more frequently she does n't. And if the Actress does fall a victim, should n't we rather pity than condemn her? Look to her wants—look to her temptations!—Vanity being by no means the weakest amongst them.

How she lives is a mystery! How she can appear gay and laugh in the evening, after the cares and fatigues of the whole day, is a mystery still greater! How she can go on for years running backwards and forwards, from morning to night, from night to all but morning, in such a dreary hopeless *cul-de-sac*, it is impossible to tell! But it is not altogether hopeless with the Model Actress. Hope is the secret of her existence—it is the talisman that lifts her over the sharp flints and stones of her career. She struggles

valiantly, believing in her heart that one day she will be a Mrs. Siddons, or a Mrs. Nisbett. Without this charm, she could not act. She has little sources of pleasure, also, unknown to us. A bouquet thrown to her makes her happy for a week Two or three little paragraphs of praise in a paper—a smile, a kind word, or a look of encouragement, from Mr. Macready or the manager—two or three little compliments dropt in her ear by some great man about the theatre, are enjoyments that she never forgets. And then the applause! Each round is as good as a day in the country to her, and an "encore" puts her in good humour for a week; and a lucky hit in a small part throws such a glorious sunshine over her path, making her future appear so bright, that she has no eyes for the gloom about her. These are the simple enjoyments that frequently turn the REALMS OF DESPAIR into the BOWERS OF BLISS in the dingy scenes of the life of the MODEL ACTRESS.

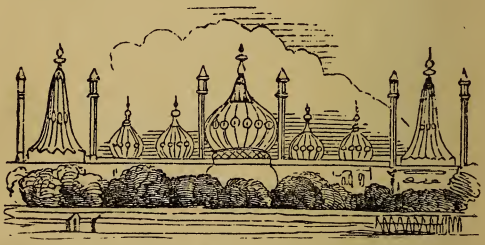


MODEL HOUSES

TO export Model Houses to the colonies has been the fashion lately. They take to pieces and are put together again like a Chinese puzzle. They have, likewise, the advantage of being packed in a very small compass. A gentleman who went over to Sydney this year assured us he had his drawing-room in his trunk, the parlour in his portmanteau, the attic in his carpet-bag, the kitchen in his hat-box, and the scullery in his coat pocket. A Gray's Inn Lane contractor has sent us the following specifications:—

A Model Lodging-House.—This has been arranged upon the plan of the lodging-houses in London. The house is made to contain as many rooms as possible. Cupboards are fitted-up as bedrooms, and beds are ingeniously concealed in pianofortes, sideboards, and chests of drawers. Two keys have been sent to every lock—one for the use of the lodger, and the other for the landlady. The pantry is small, as it has been found that nothing ever keeps in a lodging-house

pantry longer than a day. A large pump is also fitted-up in the cellar. The most singular thing is, that for the number of rooms in this Model House there is only one bell, which communicates with the drawing-room; the other rooms have bells, only all the wires are broken. One mustard-pot, one coal-scuttle, one dish-cover, one teapot, one pair of sugar-tongs, have been sent out as the furniture. A long list of "extras," as charged in London, has also been sent out. It includes boot-cleaning, attendance, towels, and the use of a Britannia fork and spoon. A big cat accompanies this Model House; it has a very broad back, so as to be able to bear all the broken things that, in a lodging-house, are always put upon it.



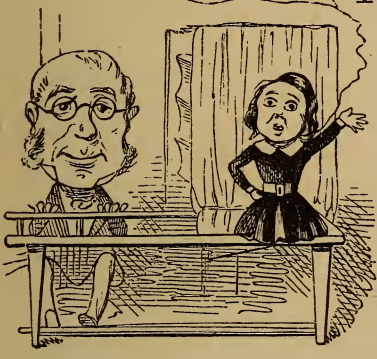
ELIGIBLE APARTMENTS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—ENQUIRE WITHIN

A Model Theatre.—This theatre is like most London theatres, half of the seats being so uncomfortably arranged that the spectator cannot see, and the other half that he cannot hear.

A French Dictionary, and a complete set of "La France Dramatique," have been sent out with the Model.

THE
MODEL
GENIUS

THE MODEL GENIUS.



THERE is generally in every family a Wonderful Child. It comes in with the dessert. It is an infant Babbage's machine. One pat on the head, and off it goes. Its extraordinary powers of recollection are almost "too painful (as the guests too frequently experience) for recital." It runs through *Paradise Lost* in a minute. Dr. Watts, Wordsworth, Gay, Cowper, are all stowed away in its little head. You can have any piece of poetry you like by asking for it. It plays the piano also. You must hear the *Battle of Prague.* It does the "shrieks of the wounded" so naturally; and before you go, do listen to its singing. But stop—run and change your dress first, my dear.

Thus ends the first act of the Wonderful Child. Ten minutes are supposed to elapse—which is a good half-hour when a child changes its frock—and enter *La Vivandière.* Well! I do declare! it's the very picture of Jenny Lind—and, as I live too, it plays the drum. The likeness is perfect. How prettily it sings!

—why, it's the *Rataplan.* Well! I'm sure, it's quite astonishing in a child so young. "How old is it, pray?" "Only seven next Michaelmas!" "You don't say so? On my word, it's perfectly marvelous!—Will you sing it again, my dear?" And once more is the *Rataplan* drummed through, only more loudly than before; when nurse appears, most opportunely, to take the clever little darling to bed.

End of act the second. The gentlemen dawdle up stairs to coffee, when there is the pretty little dear again! Its fond mamma could n't let it go to bed without its showing the company how nicely she dances the Cachuca. It goes through this very juvenile dance, castanets and all, in a style that elicits one unanimous conviction that Taglioni would n't have done it better.

Then its drawings are displayed, and a wonderful portrait of papa it took when he was asleep, with the spectacles on his forehead. Well! you never saw anything like it. But this is not all. Just have the kindness to ask it what is the cube root of seventeen? Positively you could n't have believed it, unless you had heard it. "Only seven years old, did you say?" "Not quite — only seven next Michaelmas." "On your word, it 's a perfect marvel!" It can tell you, also, what gunpowder is made of! and pray look at the wonderful foliage of that tree—it did every leaf of it its little self—is n't it extraordinary, now?

At last the Wonderful Child has exhausted its Admirable-Crichton stock of talents; but, before the company retire, it must recite a few lines of *Young's*

Night Thoughts, and it will be sure to mind its stops There—that will do—it's a dear good girl—and now it can go to bed, and be sure to get up the first thing, or else it will never learn its pretty lessons in time.

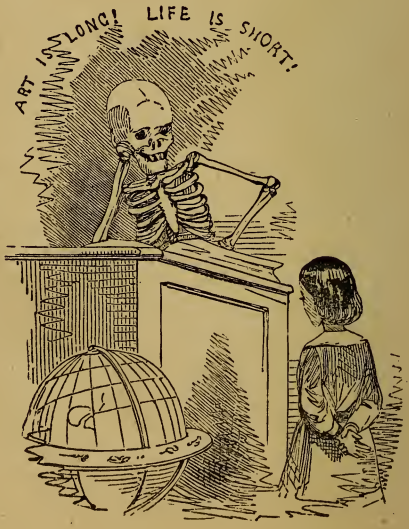
The nurse carries it off, and all the company are in loud ecstacies about its extraordinary gifts, till they leave the house; when, oddly enough, they all unanimously confess to one another, that that child of Mrs. Peacock's is a most "horrible bore."

These extraordinary gifts, however, which are most hospitably received one minute, and most harshly turned out of doors the next, are acquired but by the very hardest study, as the sickly appearance of the Wonderful Child too plainly betrays. Its cheeks are pale, its lips almost colourless, and its sunken eye never shows the smallest ray of mental light at the recital of the grandest sentiments, but maintains one dead stare all the while, as if the book were before it, and it was afraid of missing the next line; the same when it is dancing, or singing the gayest songs. It laughs even by rote. In fact, there is no childhood about it;—it is a living mummy, bound hand and foot in rolls of precocious accomplishments. It is very clever and very unnatural.

The Wonderful Child, as it gets older, grows even more wonderful. It knows Latin, is learning Greek, sings German, Italian, Swedish, Swiss—draws, paints, composes, writes verses, and studies astrology out of the garret window; when one chilly night it takes cold, is confined to its bed, and dies very suddenly Its parents are quite heart-stricken, but they staunch

their tears with the dry comfort that "the little thing was far too clever to live." No one likes to tell them that if they had not made it so very clever, it might, probably, be living at the present moment. They preserve its daubs and scratches and rhymes, and have a cast of its wonderful head taken, little dreaming that it was the weight of that wonderful head that bent its slender body to the earth.

This is too often the fate of a Model Genius. How many clever children have been mortally wounded, if the truth were known, at that *Battle of Prague!*



MODEL FRONT FOR A "MAISON DE DEUIL."

THE MODEL WIDOW

F Widows what has not been said? They have been compared to everything, and yet remain incomparable!

Some savage has likened her heart to an "apartment to let," where the incoming lodger is sure to find something that has been left by a previous tenant. Some

spiteful Tony Weller has called her "hymeneal hydrophobia;" for there is no possible cure for him who has once been bitten.

She has been compared to a magnet over men's hearts, because her attraction is only to steal.

It has been argued that widows should be put down, for, like the gypsies, they mean no good, and only prowl about for plunder; whilst others maintain that a widow should carry, over her weeds, a board marked "dangerous," to warn persons from venturing near her, and being immediately "drawn in."

Young men are cautioned against playing with her, or else they will find it a losing game; for she is sure to win their hand, like at Ecarté, by dint of "proposing."

In fact, what has not been said against the widow? It is the character, of all others, that has received from the hands of society the most *coups d' épingles*.

Is there no such person, then, as a Model Widow? Why, of course, there is: every widow, more or less, is one. She is pretty—the ugliest woman looks pretty in ruins—and is, has been, or should be young. Her eyes are not always shrouded by a fine cambric handkerchief. She wears her cap for pure grief, and not for a year afterwards only to look interesting. She speaks sparingly of her "dear departed," even of his failings. She wears no miniature as big as a poster, on a high wall of crape. She is well provided for, or if there is no positive proof of this, there should be at least a well-grounded fiction She is retiring, and has a violent antipathy for matrimony; so much so indeed,

that the mere name of it is enough to send her out of the room. She rarely goes into society, but courts solitude and dull towns and damp watering-places She cannot bear scandal, or a ball, or the opera, or a fancy bazaar, or any place where she is likely to be seen. You have a difficulty in persuading her to leave her bed-room. There she remains shut up, allowing no vulgar eye to pry into her sorrow. She does not dress for pity, or sigh for sympathy. Her piano is neglected. She lives only for her children. What! has the Model Widow any children?—has she a ready-made family? Yes! we are afraid to say she has—but then she does not send them to school, or keep them always buried in the country, "because it agrees so much better with them," or throw a big black veil over their existence. She is always with them, walking out with them, and taking a pleasure in teaching them. But then she cannot marry again, if she has a parish school of little boys and girls? What! would you have her marry a second time? Why, the notion is preposterous! Matrimony is the very last thought that knocks at her heart. Besides, if it did, the door is barred, bolted, padlocked, barricaded against the possibility of any one entering! It is only a dark vault in which the effigy of her husband is intombed with all the graces of mental sculpture, over which burns the undying light of her love. She alone has the key, and she alone enters to worship in secret by herself. Is it likely, then, she would defile the sanctity of the place, and break the image that has so long been set up on the altar of her

affections, to erect a new shrine, and go on her knees to another? Psha! no moral, physical, or any other revolution could effect that. It would be fatal at once to the beautiful conception of the Model Widow. Hindoo-like, she sacrifices herself on the burning pyre of her own heart. If one thing tortures her more than another, it is a proposal from any one. Widowers and Bachelors, be merciful to her!

"A LIGHT, GENTS!"

THE MODEL YOUNG LADY.

SWEET as May flowers,"—"blooming as a peach,"—"timid as a gazelle,"—"constant as a love bird,"—"pure as morning dew,"—such has fair maidenhood for ages been described! Our Model Young Lady is all this, and much more.

She bounds into the arena of society full of beauty, conquests, and hope. School is rapidly forgotten, the awful mistress as soon forgiven, her affection for "sweeties" and "goodies" almost conquered, and her instinct for creams and ices so far subdued that she can pass Gunter's or Granges' without recol-

lecting she "wants change." She is very pretty, but not too conscious of her beauty; nor does she advertise it in "Books of Beauty," and "Flowers of Loveliness," nor let herself out as a genteel shopwoman to Charitable Bazaars. She is not a fool either, and does not consider the smallest politeness the preface to a propo sal, nor detect an attachment for life in the offer of an arm. Her computation of age is strangely just. She does not think all beneath seventeen "chits," nor does she consider all above twenty-five dreadfully aged. She has not a supreme contempt for boys, or refuse to speak to a young man because he has no whiskers. Her fondness for dolls is not transferred to live kicking babies, and she is not continually begging the nurse to let her hold the "dear little thing." She keeps no album dedicated to her own praises, nor does she roll out rhymes full of the most agonizing feelings, by borrowing the ending words of Byron's verses. She is not always scribbling, though it is rumoured she keeps a Diary, and regularly inserts the day's events before curl-papering. She is a merciful correspondent, and her letters are not crossed and barred like so much crotchet-work. There is no mystery about her notes, no thrusting them into her pocket, and rushing up into her bed-room (that female sanctuary), to read them. It is most libellous to hint that she rehearses the bride's part of the marriage ceremony, and it is equally ill-natured to report that she spends hours before a looking-glass, twisting, plaiting, braiding, and curling her hair in order to find out the most becoming style of hair-dress. No one else but

the very oldest old maid would think of insinuating that she resorts to sour cream to remove sunburn; or ever calls in the aid of butter-milk to disperse a crowd of freckles; or imbibes treacle and brimstone to get a complexion of strawberries and cream; or sleeps in moist gloves to pick up white hands; or has a breathless ambition to procure a good figure, absurdly thinking that the saving clause of every young lady is a small waist, just as if the great architect of Woman had been Tite. Neither does she take wine-glasses of vinegar in her Byronic fear of getting fat. Her horror of age is very mild—she is not always wondering "What she shall be like at thirty!" or "how folks can crawl on at forty!" Her dresses are not sent back fifty times to be altered, nor is her milliner scolded for not making her figure look like the French prints.

The servants love and respect the Model Young Lady, for the natural reason that she is kind and considerate to them. She never keeps her maid up all night, and then wonder the next day "what can make her so sleepy and stupid?" She does not understand the language of flowers, or make a practice of giving away her bouquets at parties. She never rouges, excepting at a compliment. She has as little taste for flattery as champagne or German waltzing; "it makes her giddy." She would rather not "polka" with a "fast" young gentleman after supper. She never makes innuendo appointments by asking "if you shall be at the Caledonian ball?" or by expatiating on the enjoyment of 'her walk every day at twelve o'clock in the Regent's Park." She can sit out a tragedy without flirting, and

listen to Jenny Lind without talking incessantly through every bar. She is not always giggling, and is as quick as a ballet heroine at her toilet. She receives parental advice with the sweetest humility, and may be reproved without bursting into a passionate flood of tears. A serious conversation does not "bore her to death," nor does she shoot down Common Sense by that tremendous canon of female criticism—"Bother!"

She is not blinded with a starry Knight, or dazzled by a more luminous title, or foolishly caught by a pair of "golden fly-catchers" on the shoulders of a beautifully-padded officer. Her taste for beauty is a little refined. A pair of moustaches do not instantly curl themselves round her sensitive heart, nor a tight-fitting coat immediately embraced by her as an opportunity too good to be lost. She knows that fashionable men, like auction-room furniture, are only made up and highly French polished to pass off for a superior article. She does not pity "those poor creatures who cannot boast of a grandfather," nor measure her behaviour to persons by their standing in society. A tradesman does not horrify her, nor does she think it a degradation to return the kind inquiries of an inferior with thanks or some show of gratitude.

She can work also, and run about the house to make herself useful as well as ornamental. She does not lie on the sofa all day, reading novels, and imagine herself the heroine of every romance, or long to be an heiress, or a lovely persecuted orphan. She draws and paints a little, talks French a little, but only in its proper place; reads poetry a little, but does not go

through Moore purposely for quotations. Her accomplishments are as numerous as her admirers. She has a gift of everything; she can read music and men at sight, but plays only upon the former. She goes to the piano at once, when asked "to oblige the company," without having a "dreadful cold." She is anything but romantic, and never makes a "little stupid" of herself by wishing to die of consumption.

Her knowledge of the world, it must be confessed, is very limited. She believes freely what is told her, when it is not relating to herself, and has no idea of imposition, or duplicity, or coquetry, or artfulness, or flirting. She imagines she could get her living any day, and that fortunes are made as easily as pies and puddings. She has not the slightest notion that money is requisite for marriage, and lives in a happy blissful ignorance of how butchers and milliners' bills are paid. This knowledge, however, is acquired in the school-rooms, not the drawing-rooms, of life, so it must not be wondered at if the Model Young Lady is no scholar in those hard lessons of experience, which, once learnt, are not soon forgotten. She is as happy as the day—or the night—is long. She is very enthusiastic, very affectionate, and very much beloved by every one, even by her own sex, for she is generous to them all, and envious of none; she never quizzes, or is puzzled to know "whatever the men can see in that insipid Miss Jones!" Mammas quote her as a pattern to aspirants still in their teens, brothers cite her irresistible graces, and sisters give the finishing touch to her reputation by the detracting praise

of envious rivalship. She is a favourite with everybody, and if she would only send her name and address to the author of this little book, and allow him to present them as a free gift to every young man who purchases a copy of these Model Women,* his fortune is made! What bachelor, pray, would weigh a shilling, when he was buying a trifle from Paradise—a foretaste of Heaven—that Society's Miss, but Nature's great Hit—a MODEL YOUNG LADY.

* Mr. Bogue has most gallantly allowed a beautiful letter-box, made of orange-wood, and suspended by two doves tied together by silver string, to be hung outside his office to receive communications to the above effect. All tenders to be addressed to the author, and marked "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL." Beyond the above stipulation, the strictest secresy may be relied upon.

THE MODEL
MAID OF ALL WORK

THE MODEL MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

HER age is fourteen. Her arms are bare, and her feet slip-shod. Her curls are rarely out of paper. She sports a clean apron on the Sunday, about tea-time. It is a mystery where she sleeps; some say the kitchen, in one of the large drawers; and others declare she has a turn-up bed in the hall-clock; but it is not known for positive whether she ever goes to bed at all. She has a wonderful affection for the cat. Everything that is missed, or lost, or broken, or not eaten, she gives unhesitatingly to him. She is not fond of the drawing-room, but has a good-natured partiality for the garret, who sings funny songs, and gives her occasionally an order for the play. She takes her dinner whilst washing the dishes, and never gets her breakfast till all the floors have done with the one teapot. She tries very hard to answer five bells at once, and in despair answers none. She always forgets

the mustard, and prefers blowing the fire with her mouth instead of the bellows. Her hands will not bear minute inspection; and no wonder, for she is cleaning boots, or washing, or cooking dinners, all day long. She carries coals in a dust pan, hands bread on a fork, and wipes plates with her apron. She is abused by everybody, and never gets a holiday. She only knows it is Sunday by the lodgers stopping in bed later than usual, and having twice as many dinners to cook. She is never allowed to go out, excepting to fetch beer or tobacco. She hears complaints without a murmur, and listens to jokes without a smile. She gets £6 a-year, and is expected to wait on about twenty persons, to do the work of five servants, to love all the children in the house, and to be honest for the money. It is not known what becomes of the Model Maid-of-all-Work in her old age. It is believed, however, that she sinks into the charwoman at the age of twenty. Landladies, be gentle to her!

THE MODEL MILLINER.

LIKE a fashionable physician, she lives upon the weakness of the fair sex—only what physician has so many complaints to attend to, or such delicate wounds to cure as those of female vanity? Besides, is there a physician, however Pure, that would dress the wounds of his patients in the same handsome way that she dresses her's? She has a pharmacopœia of remedies at her fingers' ends. She can tell what ails a lady merely by looking at her. If you have no colour, she knows the precise warm tint that will brighten up your complexion; or, if you have too much, she can tell to a shade what will make you look as pale as a widow at her third

wedding. She can pad down a circular back, lower a high pair of shoulders with one touch of the scissors, take the fine edge off a hatchet face by a pair of rosy "whiskers;" will fatten your cheeks with a flowery border, and, by the talisman of her magic needle, almost change a figure like a sack into the fashionable *tournure* of the hour-glass; in fact, will decorate away any deformity, or cut out any ugly impossibility, you choose to order. More than this, she plucks from the head of old age several long years, and many a dowager, who has passed her door "on the wrong side of forty" (if such a number ever enters the head of a lady) has left it with the happy conviction that she was a blushing *débutante*, considerably under twenty. Her shop is the celebrated fairy mill, in which by some charm—at present only possessed by looking-glasses—the old are ground young again.

You can almost tell the Model Milliner by her appearance. She is a cheap lay-figure of the "Modes de Paris." She is smart, neat, fashionable, and elegant, yet anything but obtrusive in her dress. She courts the shade with dark colours, as if she kept herself as a standing background to throw out the bright hues of her customers. Her own stock of bonnets is innumerable. She never wears the same twice. Like a French surgeon, she first tries experiments upon her own person before she practises on her patients. However, it is most mean to insinuate, that she sells her bonnets afterwards as new, when refreshed by new ribbons. She is always smiling, always obliging, never contradicting. The only in

strument she uses is flattery. With this she removes, as with a plane, the roughest difficulties. "You really look *so* charming in that bonnet—it is *so* very *distingué*, *so* aristocratic; it is just your style—it would quite distress her to see it worn by anybody else, and is *so* cheap; she makes nothing by it, the materials are *so* expensive, the price *so* very low, and you look *so* handsome in it," &c. &c., and thus she makes a long purse by constantly *so-so*-ing.

The honesty of the Model Milliner is above all suspicion. To believe her, poor thing, she loses by every article she makes. With a quicksilvery rapidity of the tongue, which makes it very difficult for any one to "take her up," she runs over the separate articles that compose the ærial turban you are admiring, gives you the price to a feather of every little item about it, and leaves you in a state of wonderment how she can live and pay for the handsome looking-glasses about the room, when she does business at such a ruinous rate. With her the word "perquisites" is like the word "impossible" with Napoleon—it has emigrated long ago from the dictionary. She always finds a "lady's own materials" quite sufficient. She is above sending home one flounce less than the number ordered, and would not on any inducement—not even to have the royal arms over her door—appropriate satin enough for an apron, or keep back an inch of your charming Brussells' point. Her power of physiognomy is quite Lavateresque. She has always something made expressly for each customer, something composed especially for the style of everybody. Her patience, too,

surpasses a Sister of Charity. You may try on all her fragile stock, drape all her mantillas, scarfs, and *visites*, in all possible fancies over your shoulders; pull and toss about all her rainbow assortment of cobweb caps and bird-cage bonnets, and this she will allow you to do for hours—never murmuring, but smiling as gratefully as before. She answers more absurd questions in a day than a Prime Minister in a week, and is as indulgent to the conceited beauty of sixteen as to the vain coquette of sixty. She is naturally mild and

PAS DE FASCINATION.

coaxing, but allows no frail daughter of Eve, tempted, beyond the strength of her sex, by a too-seductive bonnet, to run up a bill; nor induces a young lady to anticipate her next year's allowance by the persuasion of a long credit; nor allures a simple Miss, just fresh from school, to buy things she does not want, by the dangerous promise that "she will never trouble her for the amount." She never speculates, and has never been known to supply goods upon the chance of "a certain event coming off;" or to post-

pone the payment of an account till "certain expectations are realized;" or to urge, with legal firmness, that Mr. M. cannot possibly refuse to pay for such absolute "necessities;" or to equip young daughters previous to their marriages, upon the base understanding that she is to be paid afterwards She pays no more deference to the Duchess than to the plain Mrs.; all women are the same in her eyes, all equal candidates for finery. Her foreign orders are never executed with her old stock of rejected goods. She would blush, also, if she caught herself imposing on country cousins last year's fashions for the newest inventions. She employs a long-bearded courier, who, like an English manager, is constantly running backwards and forwards from London to Paris in search of the latest novelties. She keeps two distinct sets of apprentices and girls—the one, intensely Frenchified, for foreign patronesses—the other, strictly English, for patriotic customers. In similar complaisance to little prejudices her goods change from Spitalfields to Lyons' manufactories, according to the purchaser's nationality

There is a profound mystery around the domestic ties of the Model Milliner. Her children are never mentioned—her husband is never seen or heard. Occasionally a rakish gentleman, in moustachios, glides into the show-room, but he is sternly frowned down, and, after a sharp whisper, goes out as mysteriously as he came in. Can that be her husband? Scarcely—there is so little affection apparent between the two; the man obeys more like a servant than a human lord and master, to whom all the

caps and *crinolines* in the establishment belong! But no matter—the avocations of the Model Milliner allow her no time to be troubled with such small considerations, though she delights, as becomes a woman and a milliner, in every turn of the exciting game of Matrimony, and lays awake at night twisting over in bed her numerous wedding orders.

The Model Milliner is most correct. No young men are allowed to lounge about in her show-room—none but married gentlemen have the *entrée* of her work-room. She is never seen at places of public amusement by herself; nor was she ever accused by the most suspicious mother of allowing her house to screen sentimental assignations, or of making it a young ladies' post-office for letters with love-sick seals. She is never seen at public balls—on the contrary, she is always at home, promoting the comforts of the young ladies "who are improving themselves under her tuition."

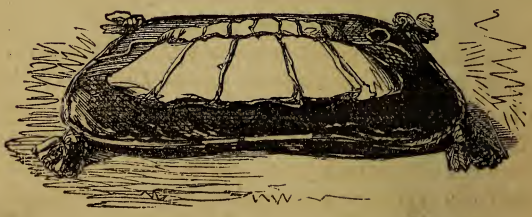
To these the Model Milliner devotes her most affectionate thoughts. They are really her children, and she acts to them like a mother. She will not allow them to work more than ten hours a-day. She spares their health, looks after their morals as rigidly as their tasks, does not stint their meals, gives them what little amusement she can "after hours," and will not allow any working all night, not even to finish the ball-dress of the handsomest beauty that ever made the Guards go mad at Almacks, or to complete the *trousseau* of the prettiest bride that was ever given away by the Duke of Wellington, at St. George's

L. of C.

A prettier picture cannot be imagined than the Model Milliner surrounded by her young pupils, all intent upon the architecture of some "love of a bonnet," that is to cap all other bonnets, and to be received by the heads of fashion as the prize bonnet of the season.

As the Model Milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Tower of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Channel, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphosis takes place in her name and door-plate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddée, and her shop is called a "*Magazin de Nouveautés*, or, at least, a "*Dépôt*," and circulars inform the curious that Madame Toddée is *de Paris* (of course), and was the "*première élève* of Madame Victorine, and carried off the gold medal at the last '*Exposition d'Industrie*' for her very superior '*jupons hygièniques.*'" As her fame increases, so does her invisibility. Her "*Magazin*" is vacated for a handsome mansion in some *ci-devant* aristocratic square, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs into saloons and boudoirs with gold-legged chairs and the rosiest ottomans. She only receives the *élite*. She "gives consultations"—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her incognito, sends down word that "Madame cannot be disturbed—she is *composing*." She styles

herself an "artiste," has her carriage and opera-box, is more invisible every day, until she ascends so high at last, that, like a balloon, she cannot be seen at all. The truth is, she builds a handsome fortune out of bonnets, retires to Italy, buys a villa on the borders of some lake, marries a good-looking *primo-tenore* from one of the Operas, purchases a title, and is often astonished when she looks back, and recollects when she was plain Miss Todd, who began life in the classic regions of Cranbourne Alley, rose to Regent Street, ascended into Hanover Square, soared above Almacks, as Madame Toddée, and now is the Contessa di Toddalini, all from having been a MODEL MILLINER.



237

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